

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ART. I. MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES. PAPER THIRD,	331
II. STANZAS: 'TWENTY-ONE.' By A NEW CONTRIBUTOR,	335
III. THE FUDGE PAPERS. By THE AUTHOR OF 'REVERIES OF A BACHELOR,'	337
IV. LINES: 'WERE THERE NO SONGS.' By JOHN K. HOLMES,	354
V. SUN AND RAIN. By H. COPPEE, U. S. ARMY,	355
VI. A DAY IN CANTON. By AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY,	356
VII. KITTY LEE. By A NEW CORRESPONDENT,	361
VIII. THE SISTER OF CHARITY. By 'SIGMA,'	362
IX. LETTERS FROM POPLAR-HILL. CONCLUDED,	363
X. LINES: TO MY SOUL,	366
XI. THE TEMPLE OF WAR AND THE TEMPLE OF PEACE,	367
XII. FRENCH-AMERICA,	368
XIII. STANZAS: 'IT IS ALMOST MORNING.' By J. L. BATES,	373
XIV. MEMORIES. NUMBER ONE,	374
XV. THADY MULLIGAN, THE CONFIRMED TOPER: A FRAGMENT,	373
XVI. THE SOUTHERN CROSS. By J. SWETT, CALIFORNIA,	379
XVII. SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY: A 'SKETCH FROM THE COVE,'	380
XVIII. LINES: TO A MUSQUITO. By MERCY MORE,	389
XIX. FLEUR DE SILLERY. By J. M. LEGARE,	390
XX. THE WAYFARER,	400
XXI. INDIAN JUSTICE: AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH,	402
XXII. STANZAS: THE RAIN,	404

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. NOLTE'S 'FIFTY YEARS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES,'	405
2. 'NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ:' EDITED BY DR. MACKENZIE,	407
3. FASHION AND FAMINE. BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,	410
4. HILLS, LAKES, AND FORESTS; OR, A TRAMP IN THE WOODS,	410
5. BAYARD TAYLOR'S 'JOURNEY TO CENTRAL AFRICA,'	411
6. SPENSER AND THE FAIRY QUEEN. BY JOHN S. HART,	412

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. 'PERISCOPICS.' BY DR. ELDER,	415
2. OUR UP-RIVER CORRESPONDENT ON HIS TRAVELS,	420
3. A BRACE OF 'SEA-SHORE SKETCHES.' BY H. P. LELAND, ESQ.,	424
4. GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	428

1. PROFESSOR JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL IN 'EWROP.' 2. 'THE BONES' OR 'CLAPPERS' IN SACRED MUSIC. 3. A 'WARNING VOICE TO THE CZAR OF 'ROOSHIE,' A-QUESTIONIN' OF HIM.' 4. THE DEATH OF CHILDREN: LETTER FROM A LADY-CORRESPONDENT. 5. THE DROUTH IN THE COUNTRY: AUTOMNAL BOUQUETS. 6. LETTER FROM 'RICHARD HAYWARDE:' BEAUTIFUL PRECO-CIOUS RHYMES. 7. JUVENILE BALLOONS: A KITE PROJECT. 8. CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF 'COLORED PUSSONS.' 9. A 'TOAST-IMPROMPTU:' BY PARK BENJAMIN. 10. MEETING EXTRAORDINARY OF THE 'FUZZLE-TOWN SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.' 11. THE 'CHURCHMAN'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.' 12. 'FUNNY' ADVERTISING SWINDLERS. 13. MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S 'SHAKSPEARE'S SCHOLAR.' 14. MISS ELIZA COOK ON AMERICAN WRITERS. 15. A CURE FOR 'LITHPING.' 16. A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE 'THROWING UP' HIS OFFICE. 17. THE BRITISH POETS: NEW ADDITIONS. 18. NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED. 19. RARE OFFERS BY THE 'COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION.' 20. COZZENS' 'WINE-PRESS.' 21. A SHORT 'FIT OF SICKNESS.' 22. 'LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING A HORRIBLE SHIPWRECK.' 23. 'FREE PASSES' ON RAIL-ROADS. 24. ARRIVAL OF OUR SHANGHAI BROOD. 25. A CHILD'S IDEA OF 'THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.' 26. LOCKWOOD'S PICTURE OF 'THE LAST JUDGMENT.' 27. MR. S. S. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW JOURNAL, 'THE PORCUPINE.' 28. THE OPERA: GRISI AND MARIO. 29. THE NEW PLAY OF GRISelda, AT 'SAINT LOUIS, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'INGOMAR.' 30. P.'S ESSAY ON 'THE SPIRITUAL.' 31. 'LEATHER-STOCKING AND SILK:' AN AMERICAN ROMANCE. 32. NOTICE BY THE PUBLISHER: 'THE KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY.'

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1854, BY
SAMUEL HUESTON,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK

JOHN A. GRAY
PRINTER,
97 Cliff, cor. Frankfort St., New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLIV.

OCTOBER, 1854.

NO. 4.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER THIRD.

THE huge doors of the great granary of Los Portales were flung wide open. How significant a name! The Gates.

From the long grove of silver poplars which skirt the avenue leading to their antiquated mansion, the lords of the *hacienda* had often admiringly beheld the busy husbandmen, as they gathered in the rich harvest; and then those portals were flung open just as wide.

The almost gigantic maize still waved green on the surrounding fields, and the equally luxuriant crop of wheat and other grain remained standing, except where trampled or mown down in gaps; and yet a more than usually insatiate reaper had been busy with his sickle. Truly he had gathered into his garner a proud yield. Amid the bright verdure burnished steel had darted forth its brighter rays from spear and blade; and the whilom carols of the blithesome rustics were surpassed and forgotten in the clangor which blended with the rustling of the ripening corn.

Over the temporary inhabitants of that place the twin brothers, Death and Sleep, held dominion; and from the similarity of their lineaments it was hard to distinguish between them. In the graceful languor of soft repose, the veiled eye and its veiny guard bespeaking absolute quietude; and, again, the rigid angular position of limbs and body, livid, swollen lips, pinched nostril, and fallen jaw, what criteria were there to guide the judgment to a just conclusion? None. The transparent eye was perhaps sightless, and the full-measured breathing often proceeded from those who were mutilated beyond the reach of identification. Short-chopped straw was deeply strown on the floor of the roomy building, as a bed for blue-uniformed figures who, stretched for the most part in rows, garnished either side; and in the aisle thus formed, a promiscuous group or single recumbent form lay in a state of suspended volition. All wore the same chastened aspect. A cloister-

like stillness reigned throughout, save when some pang extorted a confession of unendurable agony in sharp exclamations; or low mutterings, disjointed, and at times incoherent, testified that the intellectual faculties of one of the sufferers were disordered by an indented skull. Poor fellow! He ran on in rhapsodies in the ideal presence of friends afar off; and his dull and listless looks illy comported with the air-castles which in his delirium he reared and as speedily demolished. Under the influence of opiates, but oftener from exhausted nervous power, the majority of the — for the most part youthful — assemblage slumbered. To me, as I wandered about, the whole was stimulated to an elaborated waking dream, a dazzling phantasm; so abrupt was the transition from the late volatility of town quarters, and the later turbulence of strife. A profound calm succeeded the storm. How peaceful was the scene! So little stirring about was there that the motes in the sun-beams which strayed through crack and cranny scarce moved, and the twittering birds had returned to their wonted haunts under the eaves.

My mess-mate, the amiable Lieutenant C —, calm as a lake on a summer's morn, scarce looked like the recipient of a staunchless wound; but so it was. In strolling voiceless by, a solitary in that crowded, cob-webbed hall, I refrained from more than a nod to my friend; for the one he most loved among his brethren of the sword bent fondly over him, during a whispered intermingling of fervid thoughts. The fingers of the stricken man, more delicate and slender than beseemed such a ruthless calling, slowly drew from his bosom what appeared to me to be a locket, secured by a ribbon around his neck, pointed to, and replaced it as they again whispered. Not many seconds had winged their flight away, when by chance I again looked. The golden bowl was broken! Aye, it was true. The wheel stood still at the cistern! In Greenwood, where we laid all that was mortal of the young officers on our return, I have sometimes wondered if there were any mystical connection between the above-related incident and the chaplet of flowers that periodically decks his grassy mound. Is there not one who can tell?

In a smaller sort of out-building was Colonel B —. A perforated limb induced him to a temporary state of quiescence ill suiting his active temperament. Some objects leave a more vivid impress on the memory than others, as any body knows from experience. There lay M —, a lad whose pranks had often procured a sound rating, or a lodging in the guard-house. From a ghastly jagged wound in his face the crimson bubbles rose and burst at each respiration; and even in the torpor which chained him, the tossings of his well-knit frame indicated a high fever; and unconsciously he had rolled or writhed from the dusty pallet of straw on to the hard floor.

The trappings of war were so thickly scattered about that I inadvertently stumbled against a prostrate officer who had usurped the middle of the passage-way for a couch, and a knapsack for a pillow. He had selected dismal house-mates. What seemed singularly out of keeping was the segar he smoked the while. Neither of us was disposed to bandy meaningless compliments, nor to make apologies. After a brief interval of time, but a very few moments, I re-passed him. His

position was exactly the same. My heart smote me. I had in thought wronged him. He was no longer soothed by the sedative qualities of the narcotic weed, for it had dropped from his mouth, and was extinguished. The fragile cord that bound his soul to earth was snapped asunder! That manly form was inanimate.

In the open air, side by side, arranged according to rank, were many blue jackets within which no pulses played. How many of my corps, in the first full flush of manhood, with roseate tints of an anticipated joyous future yet on their cheeks, lay dreamless! Feet that in stout and nimble vivacity had brushed away the dew of the morning now lay still and stiffened. Was that Romaine? It was, indeed. The healthful glow had not fled from his fine oval face, though he was the first of the five who successively fell while bearing our regimental colors. It was curious to observe the contrast between the effect of gun-shot and other wounds. The sword-cut generally causes the countenance to distort, and on the mind leaves an idea of excessive pain; but the unseen bullet carries placidity on its wings, and not unfrequently foretells an unruffled euthanasia.

I was seeking one of the living, and it was chiefly to that end that my search had been so minute. My protégé, Crummie, had been seen among the injured, and he was not without considerable difficulty found.

‘Cheer up, my brave little fellow; all may yet go well. Cheer up!’

I knew the voice. It was that of Brigadier-General S —.

‘General,’ said the pallid-featured boy, ‘General, I did my duty, did n’t I?’ He turned his eyes that they might look into those of the brigadier, both of whose hands clasped his own.

‘Nobly! my fine little man, nobly!’

‘Do you think, General, do — you —’

He was unable from very faintness to finish what he desired to say. Before the tourniquet had been applied to his thigh an officer had hastily bound his sash round it; but already much of the life-blood had streamed away from the ruptured arteries and sapped his strength; and anon the lad mournfully rolled those orbs, brighter and brighter growing, that they might tell his sympathizer what his tongue in its feebleness could not. The elastic step of Dr. H — was heard approaching. There was habitually such an air of perfect composure and even pleasantness in the countenance of the surgeon, though cutting within half a hair’s breadth of a patient’s life, that it acted like a medicated balm; instead of alarming by mysterious becks and nods, his manner infused confidence.

‘Well, my gay little drummer, how goes it? I hope you’ll not flinch if it should be necessary to — to — that is —’ The kind-hearted surgeon pretended to have his attention called off to some distant object; but by intuition Crummie caught his meaning. A zephyr sprang up and somewhat revived the youth; and then his proud expression replied that he would flinch for nothing; he was a soldier. Dr. H —, in a side-whisper, intimated that amputation was the sole hope of prolonging the allotted time of probation; even that was a desperate resort.

Notwithstanding he had despoiled a score of their just proportions since sun-rise, and that with an unshrinking nerve, the surgeon would fain have avoided the new demand upon him. All eyes were narrowly bent on the operator to divine what was passing in his mind; but they could detect there no mark of indecision. He had a painful duty to perform, and the nerve to do it well. Not an untroubled eye but his looked upon that scene, as the lad of sixteen hitherto unclouded summers lay as helpless as a lamb for the slaughter. His associates, to whom he was as a younger brother, keenly felt the dart they could not arrest; but the most youthful of the number did not permit sorrow to moisten their eye-lashes. They were buoyed up by the chivalrous spirit of a heroic age. There is a time before the nobler passions of the soul are tampered with and blunted and weakened by self-interest; and that period is boyhood.

A ringing sound struck our ears, and deepened the shadowy droop of rumination on all faces; they were digging graves! The Greeks, we are told, have a beautiful and touching custom when one dear to them dies. The betrothed, if such there be, the nearest relative or friend, calls to the departed, saying 'Come! come!' The limits of his shroud confine him; he stirs not. Covered with the loveliest flowers, he is lowered into the earth. Returning in a year, they all, stooping down, in gentle accents remind the departed that he is not forgotten. Will any one thus visit the spot where the soldier sleeps? No. He is far away among strangers; his remains have become assimilated with kindred mould; and the hillock above him has been levelled by the ploughshare.

A raised plank rests aslant near the outer doors of the granary. Slowly, carefully, aye, gently, the languid boy is lifted by two sturdy comrades, who in their agitation hardly draw breath, and laid upon the damp platform. The exertion sends a tremor through his whole nervous system. He faints! By the speedy application of restoratives his sight becomes less dizzy and blurred, and his cheeks less blanched. The instrument-case opens with a sharp *click*. The polished knife, the saw, and all the appliances made ready for use, the surgeon turns up his coat-cuffs, and by well-understood yet scarcely perceptible signals beckons his assistants to their proper stations. The dark moustache of the man who with a smile led his brigade into the turmoil droops more and more. He feels a vibrating thrill as he holds the hand of the sufferer in his.

'Courage!' is all that his now tremulous voice utters. Who can doubt the courage of that lad? Not a groan is heard from him as the cold knife transfixes the limb, gliding rapidly to the surface, and the vital current splashes the ground. The inexorable blade encircles the thigh, and the saw grates through the bone; the severed vessels are taken up, and the operation in a minute more is completed. Such firmness is admirable. We draw a long breath again.

'Elwood!' he calls to one of his own age, who immediately leans over him. It is a message from the borders of the unknown world to his *mother*! Those sparkling orbs grow brighter. Oh! how bright! and his lips make the least visible movement, as if communing with

some ethereal one. On his bedewed brows beams an intelligence — a harbinger of unspeakable things. The few soldiers who came round as spectators approached on tiptoe. Not a rustle nor a word disturbs the last sense that abides with us — hearing. All seem aware that their young comrade is fast going down into the dark valley. Does he see aught not permitted to those uncalled? A flutter for a second plays upon his lips. Will he recover, then? No. It is the soul taking its farewell!

Thus has the hand of the tyrant fallen upon that young heart and quenched its light; but not for ever; it shall be eternally re-luminated. All around are the forms of those who have passed away in the blaze of battle. The trumpet shall awake them no more until the reveillé of the resurrection-morn.

What heeds the Mexican rustic, as he turns up the clods of the valley, who lies beneath his feet? The earth blooms as fair as ever; sylvan melodists there sing as sweetly, and nothing rises to remind the traveller of the scene of the conflict.

W. H. BROWN.

T W E N T Y - O N E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THUS far have I come on with Youth, and now
 Manhood, with sterner brow,
 Waits to conduct me on my future way.
 A moment yet I stay,
 To take a fond and lingering look — the last —
 At the dear past;
 And one — a doubtful and a hopeful one —
 At the strange world I am to enter on.

I doubt! I fear!
 I know that much of joy must leave me here.
 Even now I farther seem
 From the earth-heaven of my early dream.
 The melody that filled the summer air,
 Like a rich flood, has left me unaware;
 The clouds that linger round the sun at even
 Seem not so near as once to the bright heaven;
 The sky is not as blue, the grass as green,
 I nowhere see the beauty I have seen.
 Some pleasures fade with every passing year;
 And even when first there fell upon my ear
 Only the distant murmur of the strife,
 I missed a something from my sum of life:
 I know not if it were the idle play
 Of a free spirit in its newest day,
 A fancied joy,
 A hope that only *seemed* a memory:

Or if the boy still felt the tender care
Of spirits who had known him otherwhere ;
 Not yet earth-blind,
Could view the glory he had left behind —
The lingering radiance of the setting sun
Gilding the brightness of the rising one.

 I doubt! I fear!
Faint in the distance far, I seem to hear
The solemn swell and murmur of the sea
That rolls between eternity and me;
And now I stand upon the silent shore.
 Oh! nevermore
The eager hopefulness of manhood's prime,
The loves and joys that blessed the earlier time,
Gild with a roseate hue the evening hour!
The fruit has fallen, as fell the earlier flower.
Slow to its setting sinks the evening sun,
Far to the eastward stretch the shadows dun;
Dim through the mist before my tired eyes,
The visions of the long-gone time arise:
 I seem
To be awakening from a troubled dream;
 The past
Is but a fearful vision at the last.

 But this is idle all.
No fancied fear shall cast a gloomy pall
Over my hope of life. Here I dismiss
All vain regrets for any parted bliss;
All fear of evil that the future hath:
Along the backward or the onward path
 No more I'll roam;
With hand and brain I'll build my soul a home.
I'll rear the walls with purest marble, wrought
From the vast quarry-mine of ancient thought:
 I'll build it strong and high,
With graceful turrets pointing to the sky,
That ever as I wish I may look out,
And faintly hear the distance-mellowed shout,
And calmly watch the hurrying to and fro,
And see, not feel, how goes the strife below.
Within my spacious halls the softened light
Shall blend its many colors, sad and bright;
And pictures, fancy-painted, day by day
Shall decorate the walls, and pass away.
 Each passing breeze shall bear
The voice of music to my charmed ear;
 Songs that were sung
In deathless numbers when the world was young;
 And harps, whose chords to-day
Are trembling with the rush of melody,
And the sweet voice of sages, calm and deep,
Shall rest upon the weary brain like sleep.
So will I live; and even if wild unrest
Should drive me from my builded house at last,
Some weary brother may find shelter there,
And bless the houseless builder for his care.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTESS AND COUNT.

'A MAN can buy nothing in the market with gentility.' — LORD BURLEIGH.

'QUEL est l'idéal d'un jeune homme riche? Le club, le sport, et le cigare. Et d'un jeune homme moins riche? Une bourse bien remplie.' — LIMAYRAC.

I WISH to relieve my sensitive reader. WILHELMINA has forsaken the paternal mansion by stealth; but WILHELMINA is a countess! It is on her card, and her card is in the porcelain plate upon Mrs. FUDGE's table; and the servants are instructed to speak of her as the Countess, and no longer as WILHELMINA. To prevent confusion, I shall still speak of her myself, as WILHELMINA. The card alluded to, reads in this way:

'THE COUNTESS SALLE,
'née FUDGE.'

It is a pretty card, and useful. There is a crest at the top of it.

The circumstances connected with this sudden bridal were made known in a plaintive letter from WILHELMINA addressed to her bereaved parents jointly. Young SPINDLE, she assured them, was out of the question; she could never, never love him. The Count SALLE, who was now her devoted husband, she had been attached to for a long time. In marrying another she felt that she would do a great wrong to her own heart. She had fondly hoped that he might have won his way into the confidence of her dear papa, and so secured his consent; but foreseeing that her dear papa was unalterable in his opposition, she had at length given her consent to a clandestine marriage.

She assured them of the profound attachment of the Count both to herself and to the family interests; and she did hope that he would be received, ere long, with open arms, by her forgiving parents. The Count had with a great deal of frankness and candor told her of 'his comparatively limited means'; it was his intention to call upon her father, in reference to certain necessary business arrangements; and she did hope 'that papa would receive him as a son, whose interest was now closely cemented to the family.'

The Count himself was one of those adventurous European gentlemen, who, having exhausted the greatest part of his means and character in the pleasures of the old world, had determined to commence afresh upon the American side. The reported successes of sundry old

friends and the admiration which American ladies were understood to entertain for titles, encouraged him to hope for favor. Reasoning like most Europeans, he had counted the FUDGE display as evidence of great wealth, and had long ago fastened his affections upon the artless WILHELMINA, as one fitted to adorn his home and to equip his rank.

The appearance of the GUERLIN had not a little disconcerted him. I have frequently had occasion to observe that our most favorite and popular exiles are exceedingly shy of their brother nobles. It must be remembered, however, that rank implies a certain degree of exclusiveness; and exclusiveness implies more or less of distance.

The Count was distant to the Countess; whether he distrusted her, or feared that she might have a distrust of him, I cannot say. It is certain that he thought it safer to urge matters with the attractive WILHELMINA, and bring the affair to a crisis. Having secured that accomplished young lady, he took an early occasion to make an expiatory call upon Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE; and used the same opportunity to open negotiations with that gentleman, with respect to certain marriage-settlements upon the daughter.

My uncle SOLOMON was certainly relieved to find that the affair wore the regimen of an orderly and legal marriage; and the announcement of the event under the usual head in his favorite morning-paper, took a heavy load off his mind. As for Mrs. FUDGE, she was excessively charmed by the half-column in the *Herald*, which was headed 'Clandestine Marriage in Upper Tendom.'

But the old gentleman's gratification at learning of the legality of the affair was not by any means so extravagant as to work itself off in any large moneyed advances to the Count. His notion of marriage was wholly different from that of his European son-in-law. He had married himself in those old-fashioned times when men supported their wives, and not wives their husbands. It seemed to him an orderly and business-like way. He should have no objection to indorse for a limited sum, in favor of the Count, provided he should enter upon a safe and remunerative business. He thought the Count's knowledge of French might qualify him for a position in some foreign shipping-houses, which he was good enough to name.

The Count swore fearfully.

My uncle SOLOMON was unruffled; his manner was entirely calm; he sat in his usual position; he turned his gold-bowed spectacles end for end, with nice regularity, upon his office-table.

The Count grew insolent, and wished to know if Mr. FUDGE was aware that he had done an honor to the family in marrying his daughter?

My uncle SOLOMON said 'he was not;' and turned the gold-bowed spectacles end for end.

The Count said he had sacrificed his rank to his affections.

Mr. FUDGE said he 'was sorry for it.'

The Count said, '*Enfin*, Mr. FUDGE, I have marry your daughter, as you ver well know; will you now make settlement upon her, like one gentleman?'

Mr. FUDGE turned the gold-bowed spectacles end for end, very com.

posedly, and said he regretted that he should be able 'to do no such thing.'

'Ver well! ver well!' said the Count, with a very quick utterance, 'I will make you know of it, Mr. FUDGE!' And the Count passed out of the office, shaking his light walking-stick, gracefully mounted with an opera-dancer's leg in ivory, in a most violent manner.

The Count SALLE had shown himself to be a somewhat dangerous man in his aggressions upon female character; but I think my uncle SOLOMON had a considerable contempt for his powers or capacity in any other direction. I think that after the disappearance of his noble son-in-law, he replaced his spectacles upon his nose, and reverted to his morning-paper (perhaps with a stifled fatherly sigh in favor of 'poor WILHE!') in his usual composed manner.

Yet my uncle SOLOMON was very vulnerable: a man whose Wall-street engagements are large, especially in Dauphin or Cumberland, is always vulnerable. But who or what was the Count, to disturb the speculations, or to break upon the quietude of the bank-officer of Wall-street? Money makes a stout panoply against any shafts that come from beggars; and even the reputation of riches is a shield that no poor man can easily pierce through.

Poor uncle SOLOMON, sitting in his bank-chair, looking through his gold-bowed spectacles, reading his morning-paper, forgets that he is a father; he feels strong in his reputation at 'the Board;' money is still his idol.

The Count has fallen in very naturally, and in a fraternal way, with WASHINGTON FUDGE. The Count has formed his own ideas of that young gentleman's intimacy with the Countess de GUERLIN; judging, perhaps, from some previous knowledge of that lady's character; judging perhaps from the vivacious temperament of the young gentleman; judging perhaps — erroneously.

He, however, cultivates a familiarity very flattering to his brother-in-law. WASHINGTON even grows proud of the connection, and is sponsor for a great many opera-house tickets, which serve the bridal pair and himself, jointly. It is rather a feather in his cap, to stroll down Broadway arm-in-arm with the Count, meeting the SPINDLES or the PINKERTONS, as the case may be, in an ineffable French manner. He even cuts some of his older hum-drum acquaintances, and loans small sums to the Count. He thinks the old gentleman will 'poney up,' sooner or later. It looks very much as if it would be later.

He finds, indeed, the old gentleman rather crusty with himself; he is compelled to abandon the thought once entertained, of a fast trotter and wagon. He abandons, at the same time, an opening in a downtown counting-room, secured to him by the efforts of my uncle SOLOMON. He is, in short, reduced to great straits to 'raise the needful.' He gets a hint, meantime, from the Count, of the small dealings 'on time' at the Board. He knows something from the wise ones, of the occasional appearance of his father at that market. He indulges in a quiet way, under the advices of the Count, and proves very successful. He fancies he has a tact for those things. I never knew a dealer in the stocks, who did *not* fancy that he had a certain *tact*.

If WASHINGTON lacked confirmation from his own experience, he would have been supplied by the complimentary advances of his noble friend, the Count. At length, however, Mr. WASHINGTON does make an error: he loses: loses largely: he is positively without funds.

The Count said it was unfortunate — 'ver unfortunate;' and all the more so, because a new mining-stock (I think it was lead, zinc, and copper combined,) was about to be offered at the Board — a few thousand shares only — sold by stress of circumstances, (as such great stocks usually are,) and warranting immense returns. The Count thought seventy per cent, at the very least. It was understood that a bishop had recommended it, and held a few shares. A certain vestry-man of high moral worth vouched for it. A late Governor had written a letter, in which he said that 'if he ever dealt in stocks, (which he did not,) he did not know of one which, by the promises extended, gave reason for a holder to anticipate so enormous a return.'

The *Herald* said it had been noised that a holder in the Lead, Zinc, and Copper Mining Company, would offer a certain number of shares at the Board. The statement however, must be received with distrust. From inquiry, the commercial editor had ascertained that the report was fabricated by persons interested in a rival company; no shares in the fore-mentioned mine were to be had for 'love or money.'

The Count knew better. If he had ten thousand dollars by him, he could make thirty. He had n't it by him. Neither had WASH.

A thought struck the Count. Twenty days would turn the profit. Could WASH make a loan for twenty days only? WASHINGTON did n't think he could.

The Count suggested that Mr. FUDGE's paper (the elder) was current in the street. WASHINGTON supposed so.

The Count suggested that a small note for ten thousand dollars, at twenty days, in his father's name, signed — as a matter of form — by WASHINGTON — for his father, would be sufficient to raise the wind. In less than twenty days the paper could be taken up, and he, WASH, might pocket a pretty profit of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, at the *very least*.

WASHINGTON demurred somewhat. But the Count was an artist in his talk, and presently rounded the belief of the banker's son into his own shape of thinking.

The paper was drawn up, and my accomplished cousin WASH put his father's name — in a hand very like the old gentleman's — to a 'promise to pay,' twenty days after date, the sum of ten thousand dollars!

Uncle SOLOMON at that very time was passing his gold-bowed spectacles end for end upon his office-table, and remarking to a brother banker, in his stately way, that crime was frightfully on the increase.

'The habits of our young people are growing *very* extravagant,' said the brother banker.

'I think they are,' said my uncle SOLOMON.

And I believe he was honest.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

IN WHICH SOCIAL REPUBLICANISM IS SET FORTH.

'STAND not so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it.'

BEN JONSON.

WE are capital republicans — FUDGES, PINKERTONS, SPINDLES, and all of us. Of course we are. Who doubts it? And there is not a people on earth who show such tender regard for those who have the misfortune to be born under a different regimen, and to wear titles. I may say that American ladies are conspicuous for this sort of charity. Orphan-asylums are very well in their way, and so are schools for the blind; but compare these objects of benevolence with what is due to a Baron, or a Count, or a Prince? Think of a man who has been the slave of courts, who has not dared to murmur against the smile of a queen! how our graceful feminine charities flow out toward him, envelop him, sustain him, and soothe him! Gentleness forgets itself in a tempest of sympathy, and modesty flings away its veil in the earnestness of the sweet alms-giving.

What a brilliant and tenderly-remembered epoch in the family annals was that when Lord MORPETH attended the PINKERTON ball; or when the Baron of STRELITZ-SCHWERIN took Miss SPINDLE by the hand and taught her how to pronounce his aristocratic name; or when the Prince of HELIGOLAND, in lightish pantaloons, with a stripe, (for all the world just such as a common man might have worn, so humble was the Prince,) consented to a drive in our family carriage, and afterward took tea with the FUDGES!

I was once accidentally interested in a poor peasant family that came from Paisley in Scotland, and landed in New-York with scarce a penny, and three sick children to provide for. I brushed about among the wealthy people with whom I was on speaking terms, with the hope of raising money for them; but no body thought me serious. A happy idea occurred to me. I dropped a paragraph in a morning-paper, stating that a poor gentleman of a distinguished Scotch house, and wearing the title of Lord GLENARTNEY, had arrived in town, and was, with his sick family, in extreme want. I brought the paragraph to the notice of my aunt PHŒBE. She thanked me kindly, and asked if I thought it would be *comme il faut* to call, and was particular to learn the proper hour.

I told her I thought his lordship might consider it a little *brusque*, and hinted that, being really in want, he would not object to a little money coming from an unknown source. The money was sent; and my aunt insisted that he should be invited to dine on his very first going out, with herself. He did; but being an honest, plain-spoken fellow, the truth came out. I think my aunt never wholly forgave me; and never thought a charity or attention so ill-timed as that to poor GLENARTNEY.

The PINKERTONS arranged a little fête at their 'fine country-place,'

two miles out, for the Countess de GUERLIN. The invitations were very numerous. People who were not invited wondered who the Countess really was; people who were invited did not wonder at all. The ladies who had not already enjoyed that distinction were crazy to see her. They had heard she was so elegant, and modest withal, ready to chat with any body; replied, it was understood, with rare condescension to questions that were put to her. She had even thrummed an air on Miss SPINDLE's piano with the Æolian attachment; and such playing!

But hours passed, and the Countess did not come. Could the Countess be ill? It was wondered, in that event, what physician would be honored with a call. People talked of what house she would probably occupy upon the Avenue, in the event of her remaining. It was hoped she would remain. 'What an accession,' said Miss SPINDLE, 'to our circle!'

Still the Countess did not come. It was remarked, moreover, that the FUDGES, who had been thrown by accident into relations with the Countess, were also away. People wondered very much what it could mean. Miss PINKERTON said she was *intriguée* horribly.

Twelve o'clock sounded, and there was no Countess, no FUDGES. A buzzing, vulgar lawyer, whom people were surprised to see at the fête, and who, it was understood, had some time acted as professional adviser of Mr. QUID, hinted in corner groups that she would n't come, in a way that greatly incensed people.

And the lawyer was right. The Countess did not come at all. The PINKERTONS found the next day, to their amazement, that the Countess had sailed under another name in the steamer which left port on the very noon preceding the fête.

There were other people, trades-people among them, who shared the amazement and concern of the PINKERTONS. Mr. BRAZITT, however, was cheery and vivacious. He had 'touched' a considerable proportion of the funds which had been advanced to the Countess on the strength of her claims to the large BODGERS estate.

Had Mr. QUID bought off the Countess? Not he. But he had received a valuable and interesting packet *per* steamer from his old friend, Mr. JENKINS. A portion of the contents of this packet had been communicated in a quiet way to the Countess, and had been laid before the FUDGES.

The facts made known were not flattering to the distinguished *émigrée*. It appeared from the communication of Mr. JENKINS that the so-called Countess de GUERLIN had been long under the eye of the Paris police, and was strongly suspected of certain swindling operations to a large amount, in connection with a professor of French in the Rue St. Honoré, and a Colonel DUPREZ, which last-named individual was now in custody.

Her history was not a little romantic. She wore her father's name, (excepting the title,) although without any legal claim to it. Her mother, it appeared, was *femme de chambre* to the wife of Monsieur de GUERLIN. This maid-servant of Madame de GUERLIN had previously served that lady when she bore the name of Madame BODGERS, and

had superintended the toilet of the little Mademoiselle BODGERS, who came, in time, to be Mrs. QUID.

At what precise epoch the escaping Countess came into the world, whether after or before the death of Madame de GUERLIN, was not known. It was natural enough, however, that a man of the catholic social views of de GUERLIN should treat with a more tender regard his own daughter, though wrongfully born, than his step-daughter, who traced her origin to the old scion of the BODGERS house. And this tenderness will perhaps explain how the artful Countess was in possession of those pretty trinkets which told so cleverly upon the sympathies of my cousin WASH, and which once adorned the bosom of the widow BODGERS.

Mr. QUID did not grieve over the evidences of dissoluteness in the character of Mrs. QUID's step-father; or, if he did, he found abundant consolation in other papers accompanying that evidence, to wit: full testimony from the *mairie* of the *commune* of his marriage to Miss BODGERS, daughter of the deceased SAMUEL BODGERS, late of Newtown, United States of America.

Mr. JENKINS had executed his task in a business-like way, and Mr. QUID was grateful.

The PINKERTONS, who had bespoken through a third party (who was to communicate on his own responsibility with a graceful small writer) a short sketch of their *fête champêtre*, countermanded the wish. The JONESES, who had not been invited, never ceased their inquiries, through common friends, about the disposition of the fête, and even carried their ill-will so far as to speak of it to the PINKERTONS themselves. Of course the JONESES knew what the character of the Countess was from the beginning. 'Any one who had seen the world *must* have known what she was.'

The SPINDLES removed the Æolian attachment from their piano. Miss SPINDLE abandoned French and pursued German.

Mr. BRAZITT, as I have remarked, was cheery and vivacious; he was the only man, indeed, who seemed seriously to have enjoyed the visit of the Countess; and he made use of the whole affair at a political dinner which came off shortly after, in a strong speech, illustrating in an exceedingly happy manner the tendency of true democratic and republican principles. He was cheered vociferously throughout; and Mr. QUID, who was present, but somewhat maudlin with wine, cried out lustily, 'Go it, BRAZITT.'

As for our family, they did not bear the departure of the Countess with the composure they should have shown. Miss JEMIMA recalled her little *conversazione* with considerable rancor. The old lady, her mother, said the thought of it made her 'kind o' sickish-like.'

My aunt PHŒBE would have borne the sorrow better, and have shared her mortification quietly with WASH, if my uncle SOLOMON had not insisted vexatiously upon the topic. He regretted the Countess—exceedingly. He feared PHŒBE would be lonely. He thought the JONESES had not shown her so much attention as they should have done, and appealed to PHŒBE. He was surprised that she had not left her cards at leaving; but he supposed 'it was the French way.' He

asked if PHÆBE intended to write the Countess; and if so, in English or in French?

As for Mr. QUID, he did not suffer the cheerful aspect of affairs to divert his mind from business. Nothing now lay between him and the full enjoyment of the BODGERS estate but the will in the hands of Mr. BLIMMER. He did not feel so anxious for the preservation of that document as upon the recent occasion of his visit to the office of Mr. BIVINS.

He called his son ADOLPHUS into consultation. In the course of it allusion was made to Miss KITTY FLEMING. ADOLPHUS expressed himself sportively, to the effect that 'it was a dull run to pursue that game any farther.'

His father urged great caution until it could be known what might be done with BLIMMER. He was determined to make a vigorous effort to possess himself of the paper now in that gentleman's hands. In case he should fail, ADOLPHUS must perceive that his chance still lay with Miss KITTY, and, to tell truth, 'she was a pretty enough girl, and he thought that he might do worse.'

ADOLPHUS thought, 'perhaps he might.' He drove out with ARABELLA SPINDLE the next day; a thing he had not done before for a month. She entirely agreed with him that the Countess was an odious woman; nothing lady-like about her. They made themselves, in fact, quite merry in recalling her vulgarities. They drove until dark. But Mr. QUID was very agreeable.

'Such a *piquant* young man!' said she to her mother.

Mrs. SPINDLE said he was — very.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

QUID TREATS WITH BLIMMER AND BIVINS.

CICERO, speaking about the Cataline conspiracy, in a letter to a friend, says: 'When a man has once transcended the bounds of decency it is in vain to recede, and his wisest way is to push on boldly in the same confident course to the end of his purpose.'

Mr. QUID took a considerable sum of ready money with him when he made his call upon Mr. BLIMMER. Irish JERRY, still in the Blim. mersville employ, had an indistinct recollection of the gentleman. By dint of a nervous scratch over his left ear the lad called up quite a train of associations in connection with that elegant gentleman. He remembered a long walk to Fulton Ferry, a sort of holiday for him; he remembered considerable practice in capitals, and writing generally, afterward; he remembered still more clearly a severe thump upon his head given by Mr. BLIMMER, very gratuitously, (as JERRY thought,) later in the day.

What made the association still more lively was the fact that Mr. BLIMMER on the present occasion made a Tom-foolery errand, by which JERRY might take himself off. The lad did indeed clatter down the stairs with commendable energy; but presently returned in a cautious

manner and took up position on the outside of the Blimmersville-office door. There was *not* much passing upon the Blimmersville stairs, and JERRY was able to gratify a very active if not laudable curiosity.

The interview opened with a little benevolent crimination on the part of Mr. QUID, for the double play of Mr. BLIMMER. The accused gentleman defended himself with a great deal of amiability, and congratulated Mr. QUID upon the improved aspect of affairs now that the Countess had retired.

Mr. QUID expressed himself gratefully, and hinted that there was now only one obstacle to the peaceable and judicious arrangement of the whole matter. He hinted that Mr. BLIMMER knew very well what that obstacle was.

Mr. BLIMMER remarked in a tone of half-inquiry 'that he probably referred to the will which he had the honor of receiving from the hands of Mr. BODGERS shortly before that gentleman's death.'

Mr. QUID said he did so, and regretted that he was only in possession of a copy of that instrument. He thought he could make it worth the while of Mr. BLIMMER to transfer to him, as a person related to the deceased, the copy still in his possession.' And Mr. QUID, by an inadvertent kind of gesture, passed his hand into his coat-pocket, drawing from thence a very plumply-filled wallet.

Mr. BLIMMER loved the sight of bank-notes, both as proprietor of Blimmersville, and as an individual. He did not, as the reader will very well understand, place any extraordinary value upon the paper in his possession. Of his own hand-writing, and of that of JERRY, he had frequent specimens in circular letters and other documents. He did not consider, therefore, the moneyed propositions of his visitor as wholly inadmissible.

Mr. QUID proceeded like a man of business; he counted out a large sum — larger than had fallen under the eye of the Blimmersville proprietor in a long time. He proposed to hand this sum over to Mr. BLIMMER, without receipt or other writing, provided he was at once put in possession of the will of Mr. BODGERS, now in BLIMMER's keeping.

Mr. BLIMMER spoke pathetically of a trust imposed on him by an old acquaintance, under so distressing circumstances as attended the burning of the Eclipse; he was also aware, however, of the interests of Mr. QUID, through his late wife, and of the strong desire which those so near of kin would naturally feel to possess themselves of little mementos of the deceased.

This last view of the case prevailed with him; and, having received from Mr. QUID the proffered sum, he transferred at the same time to that gentleman the draft of the will which has been already brought to the knowledge of the reader. He farthermore solemnly declared to Mr. QUID that he had put him in possession of *all* the documents of every kind, which had been handed him by the deceased Mr. BODGERS.

Mr. QUID glanced his eye over the instrument, and observed with special gratification the quaint and highly interesting character of the signature. It certainly differed very much from that affixed to the paper already in his possession.

Mr. QUID sometimes smoked a mild Havana ; he drew one from his pocket. Would Mr. BLIMMER draw a match for him ?

Mr. BLIMMER drew a match.

Mr. QUID dexterously lighted — not the segar — but the corner of the will. Mr. BLIMMER feigned a strong demurrer. But the paper burned easily, and presently was thrown, a mere cinder, upon the ashes of the grate.

‘ You will perceive,’ said Mr. QUID, in an amiable tone, ‘ that I have made you a party to this little transaction for the sake of fuller security. You drew the match, I lighted the paper. I think that is the state of the case ? ’

Mr. BLIMMER smiled awkwardly, and said he believed it was. Mr. QUID offered him thereupon a segar, and they smoked together in a familiar manner. Some remarks were passed between them in respect to Mr. BIVINS, of Newtown. Both seemed to agree that he was a man they should be very cautious of. Indeed, he seemed the only individual whose pertinacity was to be feared. Mr. QUID expressed the belief that he held the means of thoroughly quieting the investigations of that gentleman.

Mr. BLIMMER hoped he did.

When JERRY returned from his errand a half-hour after this, he was thoroughly blown. Mr. BLIMMER scolded him for having been gone a very long time. JERRY said, and said truly, that he never ran faster in his life. The fact was, he set off late.

Mr. QUID walked home, flourishing daintily his gold-headed cane. He talked in a sportive humor to himself, and remarked jocularly to Mr. QUID, ‘ that the affair had rather a cheery look. As for BIVINS,’ said he, ‘ he thinks I am interested in the will. Ha ! ha ! so I am ; so I am, Mr. BIVINS. Should be happy to find the will, Mr. BIVINS — very happy. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Ha ! ha ! Mr. BIVINS ! ’

In his magnanimity he thinks he can well afford to put the copy in the hands of that gentleman. It will look generous ; it will divert suspicion ; it will show a tender interest in the FLEMINGS that will serve to counterbalance any wayward tendencies, just now, of ADOLPHUS.

Indeed, that very afternoon Mr. QUID drove out to Newtown. He visited the office of Mr. BIVINS, on the meeting-house corner, and quite cheered the ‘ Squire with his gayety of spirits. He alluded to the conversation on a previous visit. He wished to give assurance to Mr. BIVINS that he had spoken in good faith. The fact of being relieved of so impertinent an adversary as the foreign lady, who called herself the Countess de GUERLIN, had in no way lessened his interest in the FLEMING family. His ideas of strict justice remained the same. He might say, without self-flattery, that they would always remain the same.

‘ Squire BIVINS took the occasion to supply himself with a fresh quid, and to remark that ‘ he had no doubt of it. ’

Mr. QUID continued to say that he had pushed his inquiries with zeal, and that he had the happiness now of informing Mr. BIVINS that he had come into possession of a document which appeared to be genu-

ine, and which corresponded accurately with the description of Mr. BIVINS.

It is needless to say that the 'Squire was somewhat taken 'aback.' Since the flight of the GUERLIN he had observed, or rather MEHITABEL had observed, that the visits of ADOLPHUS to Newtown had become less frequent. He argued from this that the young gentleman and father were about to abandon the attempt to secure the estate through marriage; and he was plotting within himself how he might in the safest manner cause a summons to be issued to Mr. QUID to produce the will, which he believed to be in his possession, before some court of probate. That Mr. QUID should make a voluntary proffer of that instrument was something the 'Squire did not wholly understand.

Yet the fact was undoubted; Mr. QUID said he should be most happy to lay the document before Mr. BIVINS; and alluded to a sentiment previously expressed, in a foreign tongue indeed; but he believed Mr. BIVINS was aware of its import — to wit: *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*.

Mr. BIVINS took the will and glanced it over. There was no doubt it was his own hand-writing.

Mr. QUID turned pale, but recovered in a moment. BLIMMER must have had a good copyist.

'Aye,' said BIVINS, running his eye down to the foot; 'and there's HARRY's signature.'

Mr. QUID turned pale again.

'But,' said BIVINS, a little disconcerted it seemed, 'it is n't worth a rush!'

'No?' said QUID, with an involuntary smile playing on his lip.

'Not a rush!' said BIVINS, more emphatically still.

'How so?' said Mr. QUID, nervously.

'The law,' said BIVINS, pronouncing that monosyllable in a tone calculated to produce great awe, 'the law requires *two witnesses* at least in the execution of all such instruments.'

'Always?' said QUID, disposed half to regret the needless sacrifice of the morning.

'There *may be* cases,' said Mr. BIVINS, speaking solemnly, and with an air of great authority, 'where a will with but a single witness, or indeed no witness at all, other than oral testimony, might *perhaps* be good; as in the case of a soldier dying on the field of battle, or a mariner at sea, or ——'

'And how about the signature?' said QUID, growing excessively nervous; 'the signature of Mr. BODGERS?'

Mr. BIVINS put on his spectacles, which he had removed in the heat of his legal expressions, and ran his eye over the names at the foot.

'TRUMAN BODGERS,' said he, reading the name attentively; 'it does n't look quite right; there's something wanting, to be sure,' said he, growing more decided in his belief; and he held it at arm's length from him. 'I can't believe it's altogether his,' said he. And his eye ran from the name of BODGERS to the name of FLINT, and he stroked his wig in a reflective manner, and laid the paper upon his knee, and removing his spectacles placed them upon it, and, eyeing keenly Mr. QUID, said: 'It's my opinion, Sir, that this paper is a forgery!'

'Bless me !' said Mr. QUID, affecting great concern, 'you don't say so ! And who, pray, was the forger ?'

'A man I never would have suspected,' said BIVINS, feelingly. 'Observe, Mr. QUID, we are talking in confidence.'

Mr. QUID assented.

'It is my opinion,' said he, 'that this paper has been signed and witnessed by the same individual ; and that individual is HARRY FLINT !'

Mr. QUID shows a surprise, which, under the circumstances, is very natural.

'Mr. FLINT,' said BIVINS, continuing his reflection, 'was a young man attached to my office ; a well-to-do young man ; but he was a little tender, as my daughter MEHITABEL has told me — for I am a poor judge in those matters — toward Miss KITTY FLEMING, who is, you perceive, the legatee. Now Mr. BODGERS had undoubtedly drawn up this instrument in her favor, but never to my knowledge did he execute it. The signature has certainly not got the 'Squire's usual flourish. HARRY FLINT, being a clerk of mine, may very naturally have had the handling of this paper among others of the 'Squire's which passed back and forth from the office. And as the 'Squire slipped off without signing it, he *may*, you understand, have put in the name with his own to make the paper good. As he was in love with Miss KITTY, it would have been natural enough, you know, to wish to put her into possession of the 'Squire's property.'

'To be sure,' said QUID. 'But why do n't HARRY FLINT appear ?'

'There 's just the point,' said BIVINS ; 'and it counts more strongly against him than all the rest. On a sudden he slips off to California. Why did he go ? My daughter MEHITABEL, who is an observing woman, has, I think, touched the matter in the right place. She says 'KITTY rejected him !''

It seemed rather a strong case against poor HARRY ; but the 'Squire had forgotten, what we very well know, that HARRY FLINT had taken his departure from Newtown several days previous to the loss of Mr. BODGERS.

Mr. QUID, in an equable mood of mind, although perhaps not entirely so self-possessed as before his visit, bade Mr. BIVINS good-day, leaving with him the document which had suggested such a novel train of reflections to the 'Squire, and of which Mr. QUID had very little fear ; first, on the ground that the signature of Mr. BODGERS lacked its usual flourish, (for which he thought capital reason might be found in the unpractised hand of Mr. BLIMMER's copyist,) and next, because it lacked the requisite number of witnesses to be made an effective instrument.

If there was a forgery in the case the matter was even better than he hoped. He was perfectly satisfied in his own mind that Mr. BIVINS, with all his sharpness, was charging upon Mr. HARRY FLINT an impropriety which might be more safely laid at the office-door of his respectable friend, Mr. BLIMMER. Mr. FLINT was, however, absent, and the charge being communicated in confidence, and the will void on other grounds, he thought Mr. FLINT might very properly wear the weight

of the 'Squire's amiable suspicions without any interference on his part.

Mr. QUID, I may remark again, went home in excellent good-humor. He thought well of his sagacity; he thought well of his apparent generosity; he thought well of ADOLPHUS QUID; and he thought even better of Mr. QUID, Senior.

It would be strange if Mr. BIVINS did not speak of his extraordinary suspicion in his family circle; of course it would. And it would be stranger still if Miss BIVINS did not repeat the suspicion, with some few additions of her own, in a confidential manner. In this way it came about that half the old women of Newtown understood, on the 'best authority,' that HARRY FLINT, who had gone away in such haste, had proved a forger 'for a vast amount.' And it came to KITTY's ears, among the rest, who was greatly shocked, but did not trust it at all.

And it found its way after a time to the home of the old aunt. (MEHITABEL BIVINS said *everywhere* she feared it might.) She, good woman, fearfully disturbed, wrote off a letter full of trouble about the lying scandal of the town, and urged HARRY to come back, if it were only for a short visit, to make his name good again, and to cheer up little BESSIE, who was grown thin and ailing — all the worse for the Christian lecture that MEHITABEL BIVINS had read to her, with the other girls, in the Sunday-class, about the awful sin of forgery, which she feared an old townsman (BESSIE knew who she meant) had been guilty of.

Miss MEHITABEL was immensely gratified in being able to add yet another topic to her usual range of gossip. ADOLPHUS QUID came more rarely to Newtown. Indeed he came now very rarely. MEHITABEL wondered (with the neighbors) if he had jilted poor KITTY? She pitied her, indeed she did. And what is more she told every body in the village, with that sharp tongue of hers, how much she pitied her. She knew from the beginning that young QUID was not in earnest. She *hoped*, indeed she did, that matters were no worse than they seemed!

And KITTY had need of pity, both earnest and kind. Not that her heart was broken by any negligence in attention of that out-sided gentleman, ADOLPHE; I think, indeed, that least of all in the old BODGERS house she regretted the growing absence of his gay carriage at the gate.

And yet she had yielded measurably to her mother's whim; the hearts of girlhood are very pliable. Often-times she had set up before her — Duty, (for obedience to her mother in all things seemed duty,) and tried to transfigure it into Love. And even though she had not yet thoroughly succeeded, her very struggle toward the fond old mother's wish quickened her sensibilities and made her keenly jealous of a slight.

Therefore, when the long-continued visits and the frequent offerings became rare and uncertain, KITTY, from very sympathy, wore half the pain which clouded her mother's face. For until then, with a simplicity which interpreted language at its full meaning, she had never once imagined that ADOLPHE had played false, or pretended to greater feeling than belonged to him. Never once, under the guidance of the

old mother's observation, had she questioned the earnestness of *his* feeling; her only hesitancy lay in doubt as to her own. To change the inquiry now was very, very humiliating.

But there was not long occasion for any question of this sort. MEHITABEL sharpened her tongue more and more upon poor KITTY's forsaken condition. ADOLPHE'S visits grew more and more rare. Finally, there came one day a pitiful letter from him, saying 'how sincerely he had been attached to her, and how much he regretted that his father's wish forbade farther intimacy with one whose memory he should always cherish very affectionately.'

KITTY had not one tear for this letter, though she felt very bitterly. With a woman's instinct, she looked through the words to the very marrow of his intent, and the falsity of months past flashed on her in a moment. It is a bitter thing when a guileless woman first learns to regard any manly character — no matter where she finds it — with contempt. It weakens that better estimate of humanity which gives sun-shine to life. It breaks down womanly faith where womanly faith ought to be strong.

I said KITTY had no tears to shed over the letter; certainly not in the reading of it, nor for hours after. But at night, by herself, when she recalled her mother's bitter mortification and her own delusion, (to be guarded against ever after through the whole course of her life by a watchful and constant suspicion,) she grew troubled, and shed tears; not girlish tears, but those of a woman.

I think the little scholars of her next day's school remarked something more of dignity in her manner than they had seen before; they thought at first she would have been severe. But, if any thing, she was more kind than ever.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.

MY UNCLE SOLOMON IS BROUGHT TO BAY.

'THE state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. We flounce, and sport, and vary our situation; but on a sudden we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element whensoever he pleases.'

SHENSTONE.

TWENTY days had nearly gone by, and yet the Copper, Zinc, and Lead-Mining Company did not grow upon the confidence of the outsiders in Wall-street. Quotations of the stock were far more frequent than the *Herald* had predicted. Shares could be had for 'love or money,' and for very little of either. They had fallen from seven and an eighth to five and three-quarters. So far from being in a condition to pay up the paper in his father's name, WASHINGTON FUDGE found he would fall short in the sum of from three to four thousand dollars. It worried him: it seemed to worry the Count.

The last-named gentleman had mean time made another and unsuccessful attempt to secure a handsome allowance in behalf of WILHELMINA, from Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE. My uncle SOLOMON was most sincere in his refusal. He was without the means, if he had entertained the

wish to comply. This, however, the Count did not know, and could not believe. He shook his stick at the old gentleman with a heartier indignation even than before. He would 'make Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE know of it.' And he did; for now the rich banker was vulnerable, even to so beggarly an enemy as the Count.

The forged paper of my cousin WASH was in the hands of a note-broker in the street, whom the Count had recommended to WASHINGTON. The Count called upon the broker; he wished to see him privately. He was anxious to know if a certain note, describing it, for ten thousand dollars, had been offered him?

It had been.

And he had discounted it?

The broker had done so.

The Count regretted exceedingly, but he had strong reason to fear that the note was not good; that, in short, it was a forged note.

The broker thought he knew the paper of Mr. FUDGE; he had bought a great deal of it; and moreover, the present note was actually offered by his son WASHINGTON FUDGE.

'If you wish,' said the Count, 'you shall walk with me to the office of Mr. FUDGE. You will satisfy yourself. I do assure you it shall be safe.'

It was but a little way, and the broker accompanied the noble son-in-law of the banker to the Wall-street office, where I had occasion first to present to the notice of my reader the late mayor and vestry-man — the eminent merchant — my uncle, Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE.

He is not so erect as when we saw him first. I think he is thinner. He has had his troubles — not at home only, but on 'Change. It is very doubtful if he can hold out for even a week to come. But the world knows nothing of this. Every one counts SOLOMON FUDGE a rich man. His carriage comes to take him up at three, as it has any time in ten years past. He joins his wife in her Sunday pew, and sits grandly in the corner, in his starched cravat — keeping up the bubble, if it may be, until the end.

He may have some bitter thoughts about the children of his rearing. He certainly does not pride himself greatly upon the distinguished connection his daughter has made, nor does he join his wife very fervently in her praises of their elegant son, WASHINGTON. Yet with the stout animal courage that was in him from the beginning, he staves off the thought of such things. And in his great establishment upon the Avenue, or in his kingdom of Wall-street, where the bank-clerks scrape and bow their reverence, he wears his dignity very grandly still.

The world of feeling was never very large for him, and age has not added to its bigness. Neither daughter nor son have opened any new avenues in that direction; and now, should some new trial come to probe the old cramped heart, which way shall my uncle SOLOMON look — through his gold-bowed spectacles — for sympathy? To the claret coach, or to the Countess WILHELMINA?

Well, my uncle SOLOMON gravely lifts those gold-bowed spectacles when the Count and his companion come in. The note-broker begged pardon for intrusion; he wished only to assure himself — of a matter

he could hardly doubt — if the note he held in his hand was a good note ?

Mr. FUDGE took the paper, and waved the broker grandly to a chair. He brought down his gold spectacles — read the note — laid it down quietly. 'It is not mine,' said he, 'it's a forgery !'

The Count SALLE advanced, with his ivory-headed stick under his arm. He had a year's accumulated revenge in his look. 'It cannot be,' said he, 'for it is of your son.'

'My son !' said Mr. FUDGE, startled for a moment.

'Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE,' said the broker, 'presented the note for discount.'

The old bank-officer nervously grappled the paper. 'It shall be paid,' said he. But turning his eye upon the Count, he saw an expression in his face which subdued him. The note might be paid, indeed ; but the crime — if crime it was — remained.

He caught at the hope of bargaining with the Count, for the honor of his son. He unfolded the paper again — very coolly.

'Ten thousand dollars — ten thousand —'

It was too late : the animal strength was giving way, even if the money could be found. His voice seemed to fail him, and his eye wandered from the Count to the broker ; his hand, too, dropped, and he fell back in his chair. They brought in some water from the outer office, and the news went out that Mr. FUDGE was suddenly taken ill. The porter set off for a carriage ; another messenger went for a physician.

He revived somewhat presently, and wished his son to be sent for. They took him home in a hackney cab. On the way he passed a claret coach, in which sat a lady in brocade, looking out very intently upon the passers along Broadway. Mr. FUDGE saw the carriage, and knew it ; he saw the brocade, and knew that, too ; but the expression of his face did not change ; he made no motion to stop. Why should he ?

There was a confusion in his great house upon the Avenue when he reached home. It was a thing so unheard-of for Mr. FUDGE to come at such an hour of the day ! The servants only pardoned it when they learned that Mr. FUDGE was taken really ill.

WASHINGTON came in shortly after, and entered his father's room — the family room, indeed ; but Mrs. FUDGE was not there. Mr. FUDGE asked the physician, who had cautioned him against excitement of any kind, to leave him a little time alone with his son.

'WASHINGTON,' said the old gentleman, 'have I treated you well, my child ?'

WASHINGTON was not prepared for this comparatively tender manner of the old gentleman ; he was disturbed by it ; he expected a *row* ; he could only answer, 'To be sure you have, father, always.'

'Have I ever denied you any wish of yours, WASHINGTON ?'

The son said he never had.

The old gentleman appeared to breathe with some difficulty ; WASHINGTON arranged his pillows for him. He had never done such a thing before ; and the very act seemed to soften both father and son.

'And WASHINGTON,' continued Mr. FUDGE, now that he spoke more easily, 'when you have wanted money, you have not found me unwilling to give it to you?'

'Good God! father,' said the son, touched in earnest now by the old man's tone, 'don't talk to me in *that* way!'

'Well, I won't, WASH,' said the father; 'but come here, nearer to me.'

WASHINGTON came so near that the old gentleman took his hand. 'WASHINGTON,' said he, 'tell me honestly — the note this morning — for ten thousand dollars — WASH — tell me — it was not — yours?' and the stately Mr. FUDGE grasped nervously the hand he held in his.

WASHINGTON dropped on his knees — a new position for the elegant lad — and said only, in a voice choked more by the sight of the old gentleman's emotions than by any regrets of his own, 'Will you forgive me, father?'

I think the father would have forgiven him — there, in the family chamber, where the son was born, who kneeled by him now; I think he lifted his other hand, as if to draw his recreant son more closely to him, in memory, as it were, of old and dear affections; but his strength failed him. The nerves of his arm were palsied. His head inclined to one side. He murmured something unintelligibly, and WASHINGTON lifted his face to catch it more nearly; but there was no understanding the drivelling words of the old man. The muscles of his cheek had given way; his jaw drooped; the eye stared with a ghastly expression; and he had no power to change the fixed lids.

Yet he tried to talk, but it was in vain; the brain even seemed touched; and he knew not that his words were indistinct.

Mrs. FUDGE, the stately lady, who had just returned from her morning drive, came into the room with a great rustle of brocade, and found the old man, her husband, a hopeless paralytic, and WASHINGTON stupefied beside him.

SOMBRE hints of some cruel misfortune which had befallen the FUDGE family, ran round the town. The creditors pressed their claims; the long-cherished stocks were forced upon the market; and in forty-eight hours after the events I have detailed, my uncle SOLOMON was declared bankrupt.

Through regard to the infirm state of Mr. FUDGE's health, some measure of indulgence was shown; and the shame and dishonor of the son escaped for the time publicity. A morning-paper, indeed, in the hope of levying a small tribute from the wreck, intimated that 'a recent case of fraud, in which one of the parties was of high connection, was attracting remark in the circles of Wall-street; but we forbear at present the mention of names.'

Mr. FUDGE, however, was quite beyond the reach of any such appeals to his honor or his pride. His nurse and his gruel were more to him now than the sneers of any morning-papers. Thus the Count failed in his last effort to win tribute from his broken-down father-in-law.

WILHELMINA came home to mingle her tears and ejaculations with those of the old lady; but there was very little of self-reliance in either

to cheer the house, or to give comfort to the desolate old man; least of all, when they learned, by the vigorous action of the creditors, that all tokens of wealth would be taken from them, and that the staff on which they had leaned so long was broken hopelessly.

Dr. MUDDLETON sends them a copy, prettily bound in green and gilt, of his 'Sermons in Affliction.' But he never reached their hearts with his tongue; he can hardly hope to do it with his pen. The pew is sold, with the pink reflections from the chancel-window, for the benefit of the creditors. The house upon the Avenue is shortly to pass into other hands.

The PINKERTONS do *not* make consolatory visits; but draw the proud moral that people should not live beyond their means.

Only little KITTY, from far-away Newtown, living in the BODGERS house, offers them a home with her, if they choose; and Mrs. FLEMING is a sister once more to PHÆBE. JEMIMA sends a pot of sweetmeats for uncle SOLOMON; and BRIDGET, more than ever — with this view before her of the vanity of carriages and of Avenue houses — is disposed to accept the attentions of the opposite retired grocer; and to content herself with a humble and may be useful life.

'WERE THERE NO SONGS.'

BY JOHN K. HOLMES.

WERE there no songs but those I read
 To soothe this heart of mine,
 How oft would sorrow on it feed,
 Its silent hopes decline!
 But ah! there is a harp within
 That FANCY'S wish obeys;
 And often when my days begin
 It lifts its note of praise.

If there is one more sacred mood
 Than other men can feel,
 One wish by them not understood,
 One love they can't reveal;
 If there is aught that can atone
 For friendships left behind,
 It is to hear, when left alone,
 The Music of the Mind.

There is no harp the fairest hand
 Has moved with rapture's art,
 That can unite the soft and grand
 Like this within my heart!
 I know not how its frame is made,
 What keeps its strings in tone,
 What hand has ever on it played
 Like NATURE'S hand alone.

Pittsburgh, (Pa.), 1854.

S U N A N D R A I N .

BY H. COPPEE, U. S. ARMY.

THE burning heat, the melting heat,
Pervades the air with the spirit of glare;
Intrudes in the haunts of the river elves,
Into the earth like a miner delves,
Till a parching thirst is everywhere.
No sound on the land, no wave on the sea,
But stifling silence, and restless glow:
Stupidly seething the white clouds flee,
Madly the hot earth rolleth below!

Ah! now a soft-moaning voice is heard,
The voice of the south-wind beginning to blow;
Yet the lofty trees are lulled, not stirred,
For the words he utters are soft and low:
The scarce-formed waves just begin to dance,
Sadly and slowly — now scarcely at all;
Till one by one wind-legions advance,
And to rout and to rescue their brethren all.

Ho! ho! the window flies to with a crash,
And whirlwinds of dust spin up in mid-air;
The waves that were dancing begin to dash,
And the trees are groaning in tumult of fear.
The small white clouds grow as dark as the night,
And bear in their bosom an armory dread;
And the sun shrinks away from the gathering fight:
They must wage their battle without his aid.

Then my little daughter, with claps of hands,
Who has flown to the threshold again and again,
Now at length in her joy, very still she stands,
And calls me to see the big drops of rain:
Then we join our hands and away we run,
With naked heads on the shelterless plain,
And we bless the God of the burning sun,
That HE, too, is the God of the cooling rain!
Let it come full fast, this glorious boon;
Let it soak our clothes till they drip again;
Let it come with the blast of a trumpet-tone,
Like the sound that tells of the shock of men.

See Nature is clapping her thousand hands,
And leaping in glee when the lances are thrown;
The Elements war with their cloudy bands,
And she drinks the blood of the slain alone!
Aye, the thirsty Earth drinks deeper still;
Craving and drinking, and craving ever,
The dust flies out as the leaflets fill,
And the tree-foot stands in a mimic river.

Oh! then in the sympathy manhood hath
 With Naturehood in her thankful mood,
 With gladdened tree and rejoicing plain —
 I laugh at the storm in its gloom and wrath:
 And I love the rain! I love the rain!

I love the rain, when the storm is past,
 When the few bright drops in tree-chalices caught
 In wayward sprinklings downward are cast,
 On the shining earth like an after-thought.

And when it is finished; when wind and storm
 Have rumbled away to the fabulous caves,
 And the sun rolls out with a mirror-like form,
 Giving life to the verdure and light to the waves;
 And to aromas of freshness gives birth,
 Which cluster around all living things;
 When all the ephemeral beauties of earth
 Fly out in the glory of butterfly-wings,
 Oh! then my heart joins the joyous strain,
 And I love the rain! I love the rain!

A DAY IN CANTON.

SADLY and sleeplessly had the weary night passed at Acow's miserable hotel; or, as the Chinese themselves very appropriately term it, 'a cow-house.' The fierce hum of myriads of exasperated mosquitoes outside of the bar, and the noise of the Celestial watchman, as he remorselessly banged two large pieces of bamboo together, from time to time, for the double purpose of proving his watchfulness and warning all evil-doers to avoid his puissant presence, had sadly interrupted the visits of 'Death's half-brother.' The heat, too, was intense, and morning witnessed the rising of as unrefreshed a party as often collects at the matin 'chow-chow' in Canton.

The question naturally arising at table was as to how we should dispose of ourselves during the day. We had already seen the foreign 'factories'; the old Hong's; the dirty, narrow, and crowded streets; the famed city wall, that Ultima Thule of foreigners; and all and several of the curiosities of the place. We had purchased silks at Washings, shawls at Wohangs, China ware at Keucheongs, and chess-men at Choughshings. We had gratified our curiosity by staring at the junks, mandarin-boats, canal-boats, sampans, Hong-boats, fast-boats, and flower-boats; and had duly wondered at the 'immensity of the river population.' In short, we had seen the 'lions,' and with our own eyes had verified those descriptions which are multiplied *usque ad nauseam* by almost every traveller who plants his foot in the Celestial empire.

Fortunately, during the conversation, some one chanced to mention the frequency of the executions at this period in Canton. It seems that the rapid progress of the insurgent Ty-Ting in the north has alarmed

the authorities in the south of China. The blood of the twenty-five thousand imperialists destroyed by him at Nankin, has not called unheard for vengeance. The flight of the emperor from Peking renders his adherents at Canton none the less zealous in his cause, and accordingly the authorities have their powers of perception so sharpened, that many poor wretches are detected as rebels who never had the slightest suspicion of that important fact themselves, and are weekly decapitated by scores in Canton. It should certainly be a source of great consolation to them that the operation is performed by the august mandarins in person. One gentleman told us that he had seen one hundred and sixty-five placed in a row, so that each one could distinctly witness his predecessor's fate, and all shortened by a head at one sitting. At the same time three crucifixions occurred. Crucifixion is the punishment for pirates and other murderers, taken in *flagrante delictu* — the more merciful beheading being reserved for those whose crime it is to be *suspected*. It is performed in this wise: the subject is bound hand and foot upon a short cross; then the executioner scores him across the face with a sharp knife in several places, castrates him, disembowels him, and terminates the operation and his life at the same time by cutting out his heart. It is said that the Chinese bear all these punishments with remarkable fortitude, or, more properly, apathy. One viewing the mismanagement of the imperial government can scarcely be surprised at the general feeling there is in favor of Ty-Ting throughout the empire, even by those who are afraid to declare themselves openly his friends. He has thus far proceeded very wisely in his campaigns, destroying all idols and forbidding smoking, women, or other inflammable materials in his camp. The women are left behind to garrison the captured towns, and are commanded by officers of their own sex. He has also pursued a policy toward the foreign residents in north-eastern China much more conciliatory than was that of the imperial Touti Loo.

The information concerning executions proved so interesting that four of us determined to visit the place where human blood flowed so freely. Accordingly we started off, entirely unarmed, which we afterward had reason to consider very imprudent; for, not only is the place located amidst the outcasts and vilest of the vile Canton population; but these rascals, ready at *any* time to murder a foreigner, are now rendered doubly exasperated by the news of the dressing the imperialist scoundrels received at Shanghai, for their unprovoked attack upon the foreign residents there. We took a Hong boat — one of the ordinary passenger boats on the river — which are all very comfortably fitted up with lounges, Venetian blinds, etc., and proceeded down stream for about a mile. Smoothly and gaily we glided along through the myriad boats that crowded the bosom of the living river. Many a pretty face peered through the jalousies of the gorgeous 'flower-boats,' those splendid dwellings 'whose mystery of iniquity' no white man may penetrate, to catch a glimpse of the 'Tauquis' as they floated by. And many were the handsome Chinese bungalows we saw, snugly embowered in leaves, and precisely resembling those curious figures on antique china that so exercised our school-boy imaginations concerning the land of the Orient. But 'flower-boats' and cottages passed away; and

crowding through a dense mass of dirty fishing-boats, we landed at last, in a most desolate and filthy part of this desolate and filthy city, and immediately endeavored to secure a guide to the Aceldama, trying to make our desires known by sundry pantomimic representations of decapitation, which must have been highly edifying to the spectators. Every one of the ragged and pig-tailed Mongolian rascals was at first exceedingly shy, but the suggestion of a 'quarter' *in futuro*, as 'Kumshaw' (equivalent to the Arab 'Backsheesh,') excited a magic influence at length over one of our boatmen, who, with great fear and trembling, volunteered as our escort. He took us winding through many narrow and filthy streets, and even made some efforts to deceive us as to the locality; but we detected him, and the threat of retaining the 'Kumshaw' acted potently to preserve him in the path of rectitude. Still he wavered somewhat, and repeatedly asked us if we 'were not afraid.' Of course we answered very *brusquely* in the negative, though we began to be puzzled by the fuss and mystery of his conduct. At length our impatience began to merge into ill-humor, when, suddenly turning to the left, our guide drove through a narrow alley, and following him, we found ourselves in an inclosure of some thirty feet by eighty, surrounded by dead walls, and having no pavement but the muddy and uneven soil. Against one wall leaned three crosses, each of perhaps seven feet in height, and six in stretch of arms. Some blood-gouts marked the ground, and in a rude and dirty pen beside the crosses lay a pile of at least one hundred and fifty, probably many more, human heads, in various stages of decomposition. Hair and pig-tails enough for three or four hundred more, which had rotted away from other skulls long removed, were lying matted in one festering and disgusting mass. The bodies are always removed for burial. There was no block — the custom being to shear off the head as the victim leans forward in the attitude of leap-frog, by a downright blow. Oftentimes these blows need to be repeated, as was shown by the mangled state of some of the necks. In other instances they were cut clean through the intervertebral substance; and in one or two, the sword had shorn through the body of a vertebra itself. And this was all. In this place, where hundreds were monthly sacrificed, it would be utterly impossible for six hundred to witness the spectacle at one time.

While we were engaged in making these observations, a crowd of the *canaille*, the 'unsoaped' of Canton, had begun to collect; and before we were ready to depart, they blocked up our only mode of exit, and commenced making observations at the 'Fauquis,' in a Billingsgate Chinese, doubtless of a highly disrespectful character. We suggested to them by signs the probability of their soon sharing the fate of the trunkless heads beside us, if they persisted in their misdeeds, but our pantomime was received with a perfect yell of fury. Affairs looked precarious, but there was no retreat; therefore we advanced. Happily they opened at our approach, though they closed immediately on our rear, treading on our heels, jostling and cursing us, but offering no other violence. To have resented these indignities would have been death; so we pocketed them and made the best of our way to the boat, well pleased to be once more safe on the muddy waters of the Choukiang.

As we rowed up-stream, the proposition was made to visit several other places of interest on the river, and was immediately adopted. The first of these was the great Buddhist Temple at Houam, opposite the foreign factories of Canton. We landed on a broad flight of stone steps, and at once entered the sacred grove — a large inclosure, with a firm, hard soil. It is shaded by sundry magnificent, broad-spreading trees, and frequented by numerous dirty, lounging priests, whose persons would furnish a broad field for the labors of an entomologist. These wear no pig-tails, and have vowed themselves to celibacy, though the use of that is more than questionable, for no woman would look at the miserable wretches any how. A bursted cannon also lay upon the ground inside of the inclosure — an expressive relic of the 'Fauqui' opium-war. This temple is called the greatest Buddhist place of worship in the world, and it may well be so, though that at Singapore is generally considered more beautiful. The first entrance alone is a temple in itself, profusely decorated on the gaudy roof with carved figures of unheard-of dragons, etc., and within guarded on either hand by three immense josses *sitting*, at least sixteen feet high. They are handsomely carved and gilded; have faces of portentous ferocity; are garnished with eyes and noses in their bellies; and all appear in attitudes well calculated to exhibit their muscular proportions, such as strangling serpents, hurling thunderbolts, etc. The next entrance was of precisely the same character, and equally furnished with giant josses, some of whom were females. Then we arrived at a joss-house, closed from all vulgar eyes; but even here the invaluable 'Kumshaw' obtained us entrance. This contained six of the gigantic josses on either hand, and two still larger directly in front, having a sort of altar with handsome lamps, etc., on it, placed before them. All were profusely gilded, and all had joss-sticks in bundles, or long spirals, ever burning before them. Yet another large and profusely ornamented temple, with one joss larger than any yet seen, in the very centre of it. That 'quarter' and the hopes of a present of cigars, procured us every attention from the shaven brethren. They led us into numerous retired nooks and quiet little shrines for different deities, in which were collected numerous josses of various magnitudes, and doubtless widely different estimation, inasmuch as we observed a great difference in the profuseness with which the increase of joss-sticks was offered up to them. We saw the priests' 'chow-chow house,' where rude tables were spread, sufficient to accommodate several hundred persons. We stood on the margin, and stared down into the concavity of the immense iron pot, six feet in diameter, wherein is boiled the rice for these two hundred lazy Buddhists, who subsist partly on the remains of an endowment, made 'lang syne,' by some old king to the 'institution,' and partly on what they can squeeze from the superstition of the lower orders; for the better classes eschew the mummeries of Buddha, and profess no morality save the doctrines of Confucius. These priests drive quite a little trade in expelling the 'devil' from the persons of the sick, praying for large fortunes for the miserably poor, and other equally useful services. Among other things, we saw the 'sacred hogs,' which are fed and pampered until they are too fat to walk, and finally die a

natural death from repletion. But we missed seeing the oven in which the mortal remains of our sacerdotal friends are duly burned for the preservation of the ashes. However, we regretted it the less, as it is said to be very much like any other oven.

The next of the 'lions' was Houqua's house. This was built by the old Hong merchant of that name — the grandest and richest of those grand old thirteen immortals who, prior to the English war, held, by imperial edict, the monopoly of the entire foreign tea-trade of China. He was worth thirty millions of dollars, and having been duly squeezed by his imperial Majesty, and having been allowed the honor of contributing from his private funds several war-junks to the royal navy, was graciously permitted, on the payment of a further immense sum, the distinguished privilege of wearing the dress of a mandarin of the blue button with a peacock's feather. He died one day. But the privilege of the dress, *some* of the money, and the paternal mansion descended to young Houqua. The residence stands directly on the river, with nothing about it, save its size, to attract attention. Like many other Chinese houses, its front is a dead wall, only broken by the gate of entrance. When we called, the master of the house was absent, but the servants, with the utmost politeness, exhibited the establishment to us, and seemed to take pleasure in doing so. It was really a magnificent dwelling — large, roomy, and replete with exquisite carving and gilding. The furniture was extremely expensive. Entire partitions were formed of beautifully-wrought glass; others of exquisite open wood-work. There were four open courts, wherein flowers bloomed, birds sang, and the refreshing, balmy air freely circulated. The tables, couches, and chairs were framed of rose-wood, inclosing polished slabs of very valuable stone. Delicate mosaic work abounded. The arrangements for the most voluptuous enjoyment of opium-smoking abounded in every room. Young Houqua's own portrait graced one apartment. All bespoke the owner to be a man of great taste and immense wealth, and we left with a feeling of half-envy toward the 'almond-eyed' for his possessions.

On our return down the river, we enjoyed perhaps the most interesting sight of all, and one not witnessed, in fact, by every foreigner who writes learnedly about the 'river population' of Canton. We were pulled through the canals intersecting a large part of the floating city. Squares upon squares of boats were threaded by means of these narrow channels, and then other squares on squares of miserable houses, built on piles, and supporting teeming myriads of these most original people. It was doubtless exceedingly 'like Venice,' *except* the gondolas, palaces, houses, moonlight, and *people*. Now and then, in these narrow passages, a pretty mouth would waft a soft 'chiu-chiu' to our delighted ears; but oftener far, the derisive laughter of ragged long-tails, and the shrill 'Hi-ya, hi-ya, Fauqui,' even of the children, gave us notice that it was time to leave, glad that we could do so without a literal 'brick in our hats.' The dexterity with which the Chinese manage boats in these crowded passages is astonishing. On our return, we yielded up the boat to its proprietor, the celebrated 'Old Head,' whose age is supposed to be almost coeval with that of Canton itself.

A lounge in the Hong Gardens completed the evening. There we

saw walking the meek Chinese, the 'nobby' Englishman, the busy Yankee, the noble-looking Moslem, and handsome Oriental Jew, in his flowing costume. There, too, passed us the Worshipers of Fire — the famous Ghebirs — alas! how little resembling the brilliant creations of Moore! And long did we sit and slap mosquitoes as we talked of Buddhist rites, infanticide, and divers other topics connected with the Orient.

'T is the land of the East; 't is the land of the sun;
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?'

of which deeds perhaps more anon.

S. H. J.

K I T T Y L E E .

I.

WHEN the quaint-gabled house, like a bird on its nest,
So looks 'mid the trees, that you deem
It has gathered its loved to its warm, brooding breast,
And sunk in the twilight to dream,
Then, with the step of a fawn, and a flush
On her cheek like the first summer-rose,
Trips she down the broad walk, and with deepening blush,
Stops, the light garden-gate to unclose.

II.

Past the blossoming orchards of apple and peach,
Past the rock where the brook in its flow
Through the white, shining pebbles, comes dimpling to reach
And kiss its broad forehead of snow;
Down the lane at whose foot the wild-cherry tree stands,
Where the stile is a clambering vine,
And the pathway beyond, through the soft meadow-lands,
Seems a band of embroidery fine;

III.

Down where she can trace, with her smile-lighted look,
The path that seems beck'ning, to fade
Till 't is lost to her gaze by a turn of the brook,
Where the willows are spreading their shade.
Ah! we do not believe, KITTY LEE, that the call
Of the balmy south wind is the spell
That has lured thee to walk in the dim, dewy fall
Of the twilight in valley and dell.

IV.

For we see, as do you, with a start and a smile,
In the shadowy path falling free,
The firm, manly steps that are nearing the stile,
And we wist where they'll pause, KITTY LEE;
And we know by the womanly tenderness true
That speaks in the heart's quickened beat,
And the eye-lids half veiling the soft orbs of blue,
KITTY LEE comes a lover to meet.

J. C. K. D.

T H E S I S T E R O F C H A R I T Y .

SEE yon figure draped in black,
The hood above her face ;
With down-cast eyes she swiftly goes
Through every crowded place.

The busy merchant steps aside ;
The children cease to play ;
And kindly eyes her steps pursue
Upon her silent way.

She enters by a portal dim,
Ascends a dreary stair,
And crosses, with a gentle step,
The dormitory bare.

A range of narrow pallet-beds
Is close against the wall,
And forms of weak and wasted men
Are lying on them all.

The moan is hushed on every lip
When she is lingering near,
And to the feeble voice is bent
Her unreluctant ear.

She soothes the strong man in his pain,
And rests his weary head,
And to the fevered, tossing limbs
Adjusts the narrow bed.

She watches all the weary night
Beside a lantern dim,
Half-murmuring to herself the while
The fragment of a hymn.

The gladsome notes of morning-birds
The freshness of the air,
Tempt not her weary eye-lids from
Their sad and watchful care.

She knows not who the sick may be,
But yet their pillow tends ;
As seldom are the dying watched
Who die among their friends.

Although a fatal pestilence
Infect the heavy air,
Yet near the lips of fevered men
She breathes the parting prayer.

She does not shrink. Her simple faith,
More strong than human love,
Sees, through the open gates of death,
Her happiness above.

SIGMA.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR-HILL.

LETTER THE LAST.

Poplar-Hill, January, 18—

DEAR EMILY: I have just left my father composed in death! I have been up since two o'clock, and am almost exhausted. Father had not been well for days, although not confined to his room. Last night he was stricken with paralysis, and never spoke after. Mother was overwhelmed with grief and could render no assistance; so I sat for hours supporting father's head that he might breathe more easily. His eyes, wild with agony, were constantly fastened on my face, and followed me whenever I moved. It required all my fortitude to maintain my calmness. At the last he suffered much. The funeral will take place on Thursday, and I write so that I may send this if there is an opportunity. O Emily, that you might be with me now!

THURSDAY AFTERNOON. — It is all over now! The last sleigh-load has passed down the avenue, the last kind neighbor departed. Mother, aunt Eliza, and Elfie are alone down stairs; Maggie has wept herself into a deep slumber, and the darkness of the closing day is stealing around me as I write. My poor, dead father! Oh! to think he will never more be seen in his accustomed place, never more delight in his beautiful earthly home!

The link that bound me to my step-mother is severed; she is nothing to me more. Ah! how soon she convinced me of this! On the solemn stillness of that death-bed she did not intrude her boisterous grief: she spoke no word of comfort to the agonized spirit: she gazed not with loving sympathy into the eyes that had so long beheld her with protecting forgiveness. She could not bear to witness the death-struggle of one she had so cruelly wronged. When it was past, and she gazed upon the features composed in death, a bitter smile, that told her heart's resolve, lingered on her lips. During the days that elapsed before the funeral I saw her but seldom. They told me she was overcome with grief; my heart was touched, and I longed to console her. Elfie, poor child! demanded much of my attention. Her nervous temperament, wrought upon by her mother's injudicious words, suffered severely. She wept unceasingly for hours, and when I won her to calmness she was prostrated with lassitude. Though so indifferent to me before, she clung to me now, and in leading her to the FOUNTAIN of all consolation I was myself consoled. Margaret bore the loss, mother said, with stoical composure; but to me, her quietness revealed a more enduring grief. She was often found in the chamber of death, and from the pale face on which she gazed her own borrowed an unearthly hue. The light in her clear, thoughtful eyes tells me she has looked from time into eternity, and has beheld unutterable things. I feel that God is making himself manifest to her young heart.

One day, while giving directions about the mourning, I was obliged to consult mother, and went in search of her. I found her at length in

the closet where the linen is kept, apparently sorting and arranging it. I did not immediately notice her embarrassment, but as I spoke my eyes lingered on a name legibly written on sheets and pillow-cases at my feet. I stooped and read 'Henrietta Whitman,' my mother's name. The blood mounted to my temples, and the face before me borrowed its hue from mine.

'These are my mother's,' I said, 'and therefore mine; what are you doing with them?'

'They belong to Poplar-Hill,' she returned, loftily, 'and Poplar-Hill belongs to me.'

'But this is my mother's linen,' I persisted; 'these never could belong to you; she brought them to the house.'

'I am aware of that fact, Bertha, but they are nevertheless mine now; your father left me every thing.'

She did not heed the flashing of my eye, but went on counting and laying the linen in its old places.

He gave her every thing! Alas! I soon understood it too well. Could I insist upon my rights when my father lay motionless below? Could I rouse the demons of envious passion in the home where he had so long dwelt? Ah! no. I could more willingly relinquish every earthly possession than that thy memory be profaned, O my father!

She was very busy those few days. I saw and felt that her every movement barred me more effectually from my home, yet I had no power to resist.

Old Mrs. Ford, who had been here all the time, told every one that it was heart-breaking to witness Mrs. Ellicott's grief. She said to Judge Howard in my presence: 'It seems as though Mrs. Ellicott *never* would be resigned. She is reduced to a shadow. I never saw so intense a sorrow.'

I involuntarily lifted my eyes to his face; he read their quick intelligence and changed countenance. I never wished more earnestly to read a human heart than his at that moment. As soon as mother saw him she burst into tears. My eye was on him; he felt its magnetism, and withdrew to a distant window until she was composed. I was called away in the midst of a recital of her woes, and I doubt not both speaker and auditor were relieved.

The days passed heavily to me. The children were with me almost constantly, but their presence did not banish thought. Oh! how agonizingly came the reflection, 'You must leave Poplar-Hill!' and now that mandate almost crushes me.

Had Agnes been here I know we would have gone immediately to Kilvale. My brother-in-law told me, and indeed very kindly, that he should expect to take Margaret and me to New-York with him; but this seems only a temporary home. It is very difficult to discern the silver lining to this portentous cloud. It is a simple thing to say, 'The Lord will provide,' but, weak and sinful as we feel ourselves to be, it is difficult to believe that God will condescend to care for us.

I had a very long conversation with your father yesterday. I had been miserable for days. The faint hope in a new life that I trusted was mine seemed shrouded in eternal darkness. How clearly he pointed

out to me the Day-Spring from on high ; and oh ! what comfort to my aching heart ! In the burial services he prayed earnestly for us all — Agnes, Henry, Bertha, Margaret, now motherless and fatherless !

A short letter came from Henry last week. He had accepted a clerkship on board an ocean-steamer, and would sail ere the intelligence reached me. I may not judge, yet I fear his sudden departure affected father more than he would acknowledge. When he read the letter he handed it back to me, saying, ' Poor boy ! Tell him, Bertha, to keep his name unsullied, and it will be more precious than silver or gold ! '

He was thinking, doubtless, of the scant patrimony he had to bestow, and fondly flattered himself that an aristocratic name would counter-balance the deficiency. I fear that now Henry would, for our sake, covet wealth above every earthly good.

' I shall make a home for you and Maggie,' seems an anticipation too distant to be realized.

My brother Walter's sleigh is coming up the avenue. What can have happened ? I must run down. . . .

Forgive that tear ; it was a tear of thanksgiving ! My heart is full. I know not how to write. The sleigh from Kilvale brought me a note from my brother-in-law. It ran thus :

' MY DEAR BERTHA :

' You have doubtless thought me unconcerned or indifferent to your welfare ; but circumstances have caused me to conceal my feelings. I knew it was hard, and yet your position had duties that might not be disregarded without regrets. Your infirm and enfeebled father was yet to be made less happy by your absence, and he needed all that you could do to shield and cherish his stricken spirits.

' I knew that in the nature of things he must soon pass away, and you would wish, when he was gone, to rest upon the consciousness of having done your duty to him while he needed you. It was a great trial, a stern battle, to endure all the annoyances of your situation. Now your duty to him is closed, and of course there is an end to your present relations. Now you will of necessity re-cast your fortunes in less obnoxious companionship.

' My house and heart are open to you and Margaret as long as you need a friend to lean upon or a home to shelter you. Perhaps I have done wrong in not speaking of this before, and your pale, resigned face reproaches me now. Forgive me ; I could not endure its meek supplication. I will send the sleigh for you early to-morrow ; for I must return immediately to Agnes. Good-night, my poor child.

' Your brother,

WALTER LUDLOW.'

And must I leave thee, dear home ? If thy sorrows were paramount to thy joys, thou art none the less beloved. Six months beneath this roof have wrought many changes in my character. I have lived years in those months. Their effects might have been fearful save for the restraining spirit of God.

I look around me, and every article of furniture has its association with the past. Here my mother lived and died ; here the sports of our

infancy resounded ; here aunt Mary has sometimes 'entertained an angel unawares ;' here Harold, and Henry, and my poor father——; but I cannot go on ! If my parting with ye, loved scenes, is not all of sadness, it is not all of joy.

N I G H T.

I am very tired, and must only close this sheet. Maggie and I have packed our clothes and books, and given directions about their removal to Kilvale. When I told mother of our intention to leave so soon, she seemed surprised but made no remark whatever. She merely assented when I told her I desired to take my mother's portrait with me. Elsie came up stairs while we were packing, and throwing her arms around my neck, told me she was *so* sorry to part with me. Her words brought tears of real sorrow from me ; yet, in the midst of our distress, mother sharply called Elsie down stairs, and, half-frightened, she brushed away her tears and left me.

And now, with dear Poplar-Hill, I must also bid you, loved Emily, farewell ! Yet not as the first, to which I expect not to return, but with an earnest hope of seeing and hearing from you soon again. In the quietness of Kilvale, or in the home of Agnes in New-York, I shall write to you. And if, perchance, I may soon rest my head on your bosom, and read in your loving eyes the sympathy that has so often been mine, none will be more blest than

BRETHA ELLICOTT.

T O M Y S O U L .

I.

Why art thou vexed, my soul,
With ceaseless lust of fame?
Nor honor, nor the pride
Of an undying name,
Nor wealth, nor loud acclaim,
Should be thy aim.

II.

Look on the church-yard, and
Among the nameless dead
Behold the monument
Above the great man's head,
His epitaph unread
And praise unsaid

III.

Better the simple mound,
With grasses wild o'ergrown,
Than sculptured bust, or urn
Of monumental stone,
If to thy God alone
Thy worth was known.

SIGMA.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

TEMPLE OF WAR: TEMPLE OF PEACE.

HARK! to the shout that wakes the Eastern world!
 The flag of battle is again unfurled!
 From Albion's snow-white cliffs, from Gallia's plain,
 See steel-clad warriors pressing o'er the main;
 From gallant navies floating, see advance
 St. GEORGE'S standard and the flag of France.
 Foemen for ages, now as friends they fight,
 Their mutual war-cry, 'God defend the right!'
 Hark! how with startling clang and horrid jar,
 All rusted o'er by peace, the iron bar
 That closed the gates of JANUS, falls to earth.
 From its wide portals opened hasten forth
 The turbaned Moslem, and a host of spears
 From Danube's bank, and giant cuirassiers,
 Mounted on coal-black steeds of Norman blood,
 Champing the bit impatient. Now the road:
 Shakes 'neath the wheels of a long rumbling train
 From Strasbourg's arsenal. A martial strain
 Comes floating on the breeze; then hasten on
 A host of bearded Cossacks of the Don;
 'God and our Church!' their watchword. Next appear
 The unarmed millions, betwixt hope and fear,
 Straining their fetters, burning to be free,
 And to revenge long years of tyranny.
 But all in vain the eye essays to scan
 The countless throng, though foremost in the van,
 And mingling here and there along the line,
 The Crescent and the Cross their folds entwine
 In loving union. Wondrous sight to see,
 Christian and Turk arrayed in harmony
 Against a Christian foe, whose hated thrall
 Is fraught with equal danger to them all!

The vision changes, and with glad surprise,
 Another picture greets our wond'ring eyes;
 Another temple's gates are oped to-day,
 And to its portals flock a long array
 Of peaceful warriors, struggling to be first
 In every art and science. They have nursed
 Full many an infant thought, till it has grown
 A thing of good to all; men who have known
 What 't was to fight and win — a noble band,
 From distant climes and our dear native land.
 Through the long galleries and aisles we scan
 The inventive power and master-mind of man;
 List to the busy spindles' ceaseless hum,
 Singing a song of peace! The gorgeous loom
 Suspends on every side with lavish hand
 The trophies of a battle far more grand
 Than victory ever smiled on. Here we find
 The bloodless conquests of the immortal mind;

The embodied toil of thousands here we view,
Showing what heads can plan and hands can do.
Each art has lent its proudest works to grace
And scatters gems of beauty o'er the place:
The fields, the woods, the flocks, the sea, the mine
Their varied gifts bestow, and all combine
To please and to instruct. Raise high the strain,
And let the dome reëcho back again
Our song of triumph for the struggle past,
For trials o'er, success achieved at last!

F R E N C H - A M E R I C A .

ADOLPHE ST. JULIEN was a descendant of one of those numerous French families who fled from France during the Revolution, to America. These people, who assume to be citizens of the world, have lived for generations in the United States without ever becoming a particle more American. You might pulverize them in a mortar with the dust of America; you might re-create them out of that dust, and they would be Frenchmen. Belonging originally to a nation which pretends to teach the world, they have been unable to learn the habits of the new people among whom they live.

It was necessary that Adolphe St. Julien should have a profession. He was sent from his father's plantation in Louisiana to study medicine in the city of New-York. He received from his parents at home the most beautiful letters, worthy of Milord Chesterfield, or Madame de Sevigné, who would have detected in them many passages of their own. He responded to these epistles with a dutiful regularity; and in return for his father's noble counsels and his mother's agreeable descriptions of society, he inclosed to their direction the most beautiful filial sentiments he could find in his library, and sometimes a draft at sight.

It was the continual sight of these drafts which reminded his parents to pay a visit to the city of New-York, where they might once more behold their son, and renew many pleasant acquaintances among their circle of Northern friends, with whom Adolphe was already endeavoring to become intimate.

It was the night before his parents' expected arrival in New-York that Adolphe sat among a joyous party of Northern acquaintances, all students of medicine like himself. They had a little supper of oysters and whiskey-punch, which Adolphe had now begun to taste without finding that it brought the tears into his eyes.

They spoke of 'Woman, dear woman!' and those Yankees, usually so impassive, struck their hands on the table and broke their glasses together at the word.

They spoke of young girls of good family to whom they had breathed sighs; to whom they had written verses; for whom they had undergone a thousand toils, with the hope of engaging them at last in marriage.

'As for me,' said Adolphe, 'I have been spared all the labor of which you speak. My affections were disposed of by my parents before I was born, and my little Julie, who is doubtless growing up in my absence, will meet me at the altar on the day fixed, and I shall have nothing to do but make the responses to the priest.'

'I have heard of that French plan,' growled Harry Bell, one of the students; 'I have heard how French women are espoused to their future husbands in the nursery, and are obliged when they marry to consult their parents' heads instead of their own hearts. It is a plan fit for Turks, not Americans. It ought to be forbidden by law.'

'It ith comfortable for the man,' lisped young Anstice, another student, 'but lookth very like thelling a woman to a huthband, ath you thell niggerth.'

Adolphe thought of Edith Van Dam, the beautiful New-Yorker with whom he had lately danced at several parties; who had once permitted him to walk with her in Broadway; who had twice addressed to him a remark, of her own accord; who had treated him, in short, with as much liberty as if she had been already a married woman. He felt that he had not repelled these advances; that his heart, notwithstanding the boldness of her attack, had not remained insensible to her charms; that, in short, he had abandoned to her his heart. He drank up his whiskey-punch in silence, and resolved to confide in his parents the sentiments which he could no longer conceal from himself. It is true that, though the parents of Julie St. Clair were born in America, as well as the parents of Adolphe, still Julie had been espoused during her infancy to Adolphe, and the marriage would infallibly take place. 'We have made an excellent match for our daughter,' said her parents. 'The happiness of our son is assured,' said the parents of Adolphe. Is it not obvious that these citizens of America are still very French?

It happened that the day after the arrival of Adolphe's parents at New-York was a day of religious observance with Monsieur St. Julien; for it was the anniversary of his grand-mother's death. On that day it was his habit to dress with expressive solemnity, in colors more sad than those which he was accustomed to wear. On that day he spoke seldom; his voice was only heard in husky tones; he often leaned his head upon his hand, and at times gave a sudden start expressive of tragical affliction.

The family on that day always addressed him with peculiar solicitude and deference, having a respect for the perennial grief, which exhibited itself most remarkably whenever he happened at this time of the year to be in New-York; for it was at Greenwood Cemetery that the venerable lady had reposed for many years, beneath a costly mausoleum composed of flower-pots, gilded iron-work, and angels of plaster-of-Paris. To this cemetery the family rode out together at noon-day. They strewed the grave of their grand-mother with artificial flowers; Monsieur and Madame St. Julien mingled their tears; Adolphe rushed alternately into the arms of his father and mother; they walked pensively from the spot, hand in hand, and partook of a light repast in the carriage outside of the gates.

Is it not obvious that these Americans still continue to be very French ?

Adolphe thought the occasion favorable, when the heart of his father was softened by grief. He entered the library trembling.

'My father,' he said, with a charming hesitation, 'I come on this day to intrust you with a confidence. It is respecting a young person in whom I begin to find my heart profoundly interested.'

'Aha !' interposed his father, with a gay smile, tapping him on the shoulder, 'this confidence is touching. Well, well, youth must have its follies ! It is money, doubtless, that you wish. I know that the heart, in youth, is sometimes expensive.'

'My father, you mistake,' exclaimed Adolphe, with an ingenuous blush. 'The person in whom I am interested is a young orphan miss, belonging to one of the first families here, whose name is Van Dam, and to whom I desire, with your consent, to propose marriage.'

Monsieur St. Julien placed his hands behind his back, raising his shoulders and elevating his face with a sardonic expression which he had copied from the busts of Voltaire,

'It strikes me, Adolphe,' he observed, in a harsh voice, 'that your memory is impaired by the climate of the North. It is able to retain the horrible name which you have just pronounced ; it allows to escape the fact that your affections are already disposed of.'

'It strikes me, my father,' replied Adolphe, clasping his hands, 'that the happiness of my life is concerned in this proposal.'

Monsieur St. Julien started, lifted his eyes to heaven, and grasped the back of his neck with one hand, as if he was desirous of raising himself from the ground by that part of his body, at the same time exclaiming, 'My son, would you make miserable the old age of your father ?'

'My father, would you make miserable the youth of your son ?' ejaculated Adolphe, falling on his knees with a beautiful appreciation of dramatic effect.

'Adolphe,' resumed his parent, addressing him in a heart-broken voice, 'do not call down on your head the malediction of a father, the tears of a mother, the sorrowful frown of that sainted one whose death we this day commemorate. Go, my son,' covering his face with one hand and waving the other in the air, 'Go, Adolphe ! at least this day respect your father's grief !' and he buried his head in his handkerchief until Adolphe had stolen on tip-toe out of the room. When this was accomplished the good father took his hat and went out of the house, humming an opera air, and smiling to himself as he went. What bystander, during the scene which has just passed, would imagine that Adolphe and his father were Americans ?

Monsieur St. Julien went to seek his old friend Devoe. They had been companions in youth ; they had been all their lives like brothers ; for neither of them had ever imagined to ask a favor of the other in their lives. 'Ha ! comrade !' exclaimed Devoe, raising his hand in a military salute and assuming his favorite character of soldier of the empire. Born of French parents in New-York, he had never travelled

from the city farther than Hoboken. Yet the poor veteran paced the Battery during the sunny afternoons wrapped in his military cloak ; and, after breakfasting on snuff and dining on *bouilli*, used to recount his campaigns at night over a glass of sugar and water.

'Old friend Auguste,' said Monsieur St. Julien, 'you look so young it encourages me to speak of the affairs of youth. My poor boy, Adolphe, has conceived a violent attachment here to a young girl whose name continually escapes me, Ah ! it is a Miss Dam, the daughter, you remember, of an old friend of yours. I come to ask what we might probably count on in the way of dowry. You have been concerned with the estate.'

Auguste had indeed been concerned with the estate of the departed Mr. Van Dam, having received a charitable legacy from that gentleman, whose daughter he had formerly taught French.

His answer was enthusiastic ; his knowledge of the property accurate. The old friends parted with mutual satisfaction.

'I have twisted your carabine for you, comrade,' said Auguste, looking after his bosom friend with the smile of an assassin ; 'you will not hit the golden mark at which you aim.'

It seems that Auguste also, though a native-born New-Yorker, was, at least in his ideas of friendship, very French.

'Adolphe,' said his father that evening, patting him on the head with an air of noble benevolence, 'I have thought over your confidence respecting a certain young lady ; I have said to myself, We should listen to the heart of youth as well as to the counsels of old age. We should sacrifice the feelings of a father to the happiness of a son. Let me not, then, control your affections. Do you yourself make her the proposal of which you speak ; for it is the custom here in affairs of the heart to act in person. Adolphe, receive my blessing !' Adolphe threw his arms about his father's neck. Tears stood in the eyes of both.

Madame St. Julien smiled on them both like an angel, though she had at the time her own secret grief ; having just received private intelligence of the death of the only man she had ever loved.

'Miss Van Dam,' whispered Adolphe in the pauses of the dance, in which they were again partners, 'I wish to speak of a proposal which interests me in the bottom of my heart.'

The beautiful blonde, after smiling at one friend and nodding to another, turned her great blue eyes on him, saying, 'Well, Sir, what do you propose ?'

'You have several times done me the honor to accept my hand in the dance,' said Adolphe, bowing, and placing the hand in question on his heart.

'Well, Sir, what then ?'

'You have also done me the honor to walk with me in the street ; and sometimes, of your own accord, to address me a remark.'

'It is all very true ; but please make haste to the conclusion.'

'I am not insensible to all these things. I have understood from them that you will not be insensible to the affection which I now declare. I abandon to you my heart. I propose to you marriage !'

The blonde assumed an air of the most profound surprise.

'Are you in earnest, Mr. Julien?' she said at length, while her cheek colored and her eyes sparkled.

Adolphe began to gesticulate.

'Restrain yourself, you will be observed,' exclaimed the young lady, much alarmed. 'Am I to understand that, because I have treated you with common civility, you suppose I wish you to make a declaration of love?'

'I am not blind,' retorted Adolphe, piqued by her rude Northern manner.

'Do you not see that I treat every gentleman of my acquaintance exactly as I treat you?' resumed the other.

Adolphe, with increasing pique, explained that no lady of his acquaintance at home would treat him with such freedom, unless, indeed, it was a woman already married, or a young girl infatuated with love.

'Have you not learned,' said Miss Van Dam, raising herself to her full height, 'that freedom — *innocent* freedom — is the birth-right of every American girl.'

'I do not comprehend,' murmured Adolphe.

'It is time you *should* comprehend,' answered the young lady, scornfully. 'I could pardon the French arrogance which led you to misconstrue my actions, if it had proceeded from any other cause than your obstinate French ignorance of the country of which you are a citizen. I cannot pardon willful stupidity.'

So saying, with a haughty bow, she expressed a wish that he should consider their acquaintance at an end.

'Let us console ourselves,' remarked Monsieur St. Julien to his son. 'My old friend Auguste, who bears me a grudge, deceived me about the dowry. We have that dear little Julie in reserve after all.'

'My dear father,' observed Adolphe some years afterward on the morning of his marriage with the little Julie, 'my dear father, I am convinced that in these affairs it is better to consult an old head than a young heart. I thank you for permitting me to make that experiment in love, *a l'Americaine*, at the North which has produced this conviction.'

'Would that I had been allowed a similar experiment!' sighed the little Julie to herself between the responses of the marriage ceremony. 'Perhaps it would have produced a similar conviction.'

It was this same Adolphe who was found some time after his marriage, by an intimate friend of the family, expiring in his library, with a bowie-knife planted in the centre of his back.

It is well known at the South that the French Creoles have a taste for eccentric modes of committing suicide, so that no suspicion rested on this intimate friend, to whom the bowie-knife belonged, and whom the little Julie afterward married. He had become dear to her, she said, from his association in her mind with the last moments of her departed husband.

It was a French end to a French existence, which no American can comprehend.

M. W.

I T I S A L M O S T M O R N I N G .

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

WATCHING lone one stormy night,
O'er a daughter's pillow,
While the bark in wild affright
Leaped the bounding billow,
And the gale moaned wide and wild,
With a voice of warning,
Thus a mother soothed her child :
'It is almost morning !'

II.

Ah ! how oft the weary heart,
Bowed in utter sorrow,
Long hath watched the hours depart,
Waiting for the morrow !
And, when hope hath almost fled,
Hailed the welcome warning :
'Lift once more the bended head,
It is almost morning !'

III.

Oft en hath the erring soul
Through the mid-night dreary,
Prayed for faith to make it whole,
Waiting, worn and weary ;
Watching, longing for the day,
And the joyous warning :
'He hath wiped thy sins away,
It is almost morning !'

IV.

Patriot, for thy native land
Though thy heart be bleeding ;
Slave, beneath a tyrant's hand
Vainly interceding ;
Dark although the night may be,
Not a star adorning,
Lo ! the day-light gilds the sea !
'It is almost morning !'

V.

To thy unaccustomed feet
Though the way be weary ;
Though thy brow the storms may beat,
Life seem void and dreary ;
Moon nor star make glad the skies
With its solemn warning ;
Look aloft with Faith's dear eyes ;
'It is almost morning !'

VI.

From the unforgiven sin
 That hath bowed thy spirit;
 From the evil thoughts within
 That we all inherit;
 From the wrong so hard to bear;
 From the cold world's scorning;
 From the midnight of despair;
 'It is almost morning!'

VII.

Dark although the night may be,
 Mad the billows hoary,
 Morning walks along the sea,
 Morning, light, and glory!
 Breaks for thee the night of life:
 List, a double warning:
 From all earthly care and strife,
 'It is almost morning!'

Grand-Rapids, (Mich.), Aug. 7, 1854.

M E M O R I E S .

NUMBER ONE.

I AM of no particular age, but have lived long enough to see wickedness and vice prevail, while youth and loveliness have been cut down. I have seen men toil physically by day and mentally by night, to obtain wealth, and at last lie down occupying no more ground and taking no more with them than the beggar who fed at their gates.

Pleasant memories have I too of the young and the good, the youth, the maiden, and the little child. These things have frequently, at the time of their occurrence, been scribbled off and thrown loosely into the drawer of my *escritoire*. If I attempt a selection, the probability is that I shall become tired and throw up my task with disgust; so I shall take the first that comes to hand: it is called

The Motherless Girls.

'Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died!'

LONGFELLOW.

I WAS beginning to feel sadly the fatigue of a long ride on a hot July day, when we stopped at one of the stations, and a small party got into our car. This attracted little or no attention at the time; but after riding again a few miles, I could not but notice a man nursing a very young infant, and as the child appeared either sick or fretful, the young man was obliged to resort to various expedients to render it quiet.

Among others he walked many times up and down the car, and this, as may be imagined, was attended with no little difficulty, for the road over which we travelled was an old and rough one. Ever and anon, as the cars jostled, the *nurse* was obliged to catch suddenly, first on one side and then on the other, to preserve his balance.

The oddity of the thing, with the *outré* dress of the child, excited my risible faculties in no small degree, and while my fellow-travellers were, with few exceptions, dozing over their books, I was racking my brain to conjecture the probable history of the man and his infant. At this juncture the man stopped at his seat, and put on his hat, which was enveloped in a large piece of fresh black crape; and I now observed, for the first time, that he wore a full suit of coarse but very deep mourning. A homely attempt too had been made in the dress of the child. Its little bonnet, the remnant of a much larger one, had been trimmed with a narrow black ribbon, and the sleeves of its *red* frock were also tied with black. A light now broke upon me, and I knew the whole history, as if it had been written on the page before me. This man had lost the wife of his youth, and he was carrying his first-born, now a motherless babe, to some of its relatives, where it could be reared in a more fitting manner than by himself alone.

As may be imagined, I felt no longer any inclination to laugh, but upon a jolt happening just as the father was passing my seat, I invited him to share it with me. This he did, and I then observed that the babe inherited the black eyes and raven hair of its father, while its complexion was delicately fair. This I noticed to my neighbor as a singularity. With a sigh he answered, 'Yes, her mother was always as fair as this child is now.' I felt sorry for having, though unintentionally, given pain, and busied myself in amusing the little beauty, for beautiful she certainly was, although so young.

Our route lay together for several days, and my new acquaintance and I became quite sociable. I found him to be a very plain but practically intelligent farmer, from the far West, of the name of Mercer. Just before parting, I happened to say to Mr. Mercer that it was 'a shame that he had not yet given his daughter a name.' At that instant the child clutched at a rose which I held in my hand, and Mr. Mercer laughingly said, 'There now, you have named her, and she shall be called Rose.' So the name was agreed upon; and at parting, I put a little purse in her hand, saying, 'Here, Rose, is the wherewithal to buy your christening-frock, for I must also be considered your god-father.'

So we parted; they continued their journey in a little cramped canal-boat, and I in one of our comfortable steamers, to visit far-off lands, to which I had often in my dreams started, but had awoke to find it a dream. Now, on the first evening of leaving my native land, I retired to my state-room as others did, and tried to sleep; but now that I was actually started, I felt fevered and excited, longing for rest to still the nervous workings of my brain and unquiet beating of my heart, but afraid to sleep, dreading that, like so many other times before, I should awake and find it a dream. I looked at my baggage; there it lay, but it was the same that had so many times before accompanied me through

our own States. I had recourse to various *souvenirs du cœur* presented by friends at parting. I opened a paper, and held between me and the light a long ringlet of fair hair, cut from the brow of my beautiful sister, my only relative on earth. While I looked I saw a pair of heavenly blue eyes beside the ringlet, and the farewell tears streaming from those eyes were hidden in the arms of her husband, to whom I had given her a few short months before. That vision had the effect of bringing me to my senses, for I felt that my heart had a tie to my country stronger even than mere patriotism.

For months and even years I roamed in strange lands, and revelled among the grandest works of the Old Masters. I feasted my eyes in the halls of science and art till the spirit was weary, and then I threw myself upon the works of Nature, and oh! how poor appeared the master-pieces of those whose 'hearts of fire and hands of skill had wrought such power,' when compared with those imperishable works of the great MASTER of all!

It was after a day spent afar from the haunts of men that I returned to the little way-side inn that for the sake of pleasant associations I called my *home*. My landlady had prepared my supper, and beside my plate lay a large packet of letters from my own loved country. Quickly I read that my sister was a widow, and urged my speedy return, if I would once more see her in life.

Soon I was on my way to my native land; but oh! with what different feelings I now crossed the ocean. *Then* it was all life and hope; heart and soul were buoyed up with great expectations of all that was before me in the great unknown world I was about to explore. *Now* I was filled to satiety. I had seen all, until there was no more to see, and still I was weary and heavy-hearted, for the only being on earth that I really loved — the only one akin to me — was about to depart. How slowly we seemed to move; and oh! how earnestly I prayed that my beloved sister might at least be spared until I should see her once more. Our passage was called 'the quickest on record,' but to me it appeared an almost endless one.

And now, of a calm summer evening, I approached the old homestead, our childhood's happy home. The house was so still that I felt a strong foreboding that Death itself was within. With noiseless steps, but with a quick breath and a beating heart, I stood within the old hall. Afraid to move, and yet fearful that by the least delay I should lose the last breath of the loved one, I hesitated, for I could not choose but feel that she was still there. In an agony of suspense I entered the servants' hall, and knew by the pains taken to suppress all noisy demonstration of astonishment at my sudden appearance, that she still lived. An old servant at once took me to the room of the dying, for I with a glance perceived that life had nearly ebbed out. A few short years had not lessened that heavenly beauty. The light ringlets still strayed over the pillow, as I had so often seen them in her childhood and youth: where would they next lie? Those slender, maiden-like arms were thrown around me, and for a second of time I was happy. Why could I not ever hold her thus? For what had I travelled, for what studied? Why lavished a mine of wealth in searching into the scientific, the

abstruse, if I had not learned one thing, how to defy death, to cheat him of his victim?

Thus I felt and thus I spoke when my angel-sister gently rebuked me. 'The ways of God are not our ways. You sin, my brother, in speaking thus. All has been done that the skill of man can do, and you forget who has gone before me. I shall be reunited to one who was dear to me in life, and who will welcome me in the world to which I am going.' A sinking spell succeeded this, and her child was brought into the room. A mother's love looked out of those eyes as she gazed upon her child, and exclaimed, 'My child! my child! could she but have gone before me, I had died happy. Will you, my brother, be a father to my orphan, my Amie?' Taking the sweet girl of three summers in my arms, I promised that she should never feel the want of a parent's love and care.

As the sun departed to his home in the west, the soul of my sweet sister departed to its home in the skies. Then was I indeed alone; the light of my life had departed, and all was darkness. How I lived through the long days preceding the funeral, I know not. I never knew; only that one morning an old family servant came to my room and asked me if I would not 'like to see Miss Alice once more.' Opening the chamber-door, she left me. It was printed on my heart as a picture, and there it still is, as on that bright morning when I entered that neat room, with its beautiful occupant. Now, years since, I see that white dimity quilt, with its fringe gently waved by the air that enters through the bowed shutters. Her books are all there; the chair on which she sat. There is even the pin-cushion, with its little ruffled cover. I have taken it in my hands; it is the same, or just like the one she had in her girl-days. Here is even the seat she gave me when I last visited her in this room. On the bed lies a still form, and why am I looking at every object in the room save that one? It is all familiar; the same that I have so often looked upon before. Now I will look, for I have persuaded myself that she is sick and asleep. I walk firmly to the bed and gaze, but why have I? Worlds would I give did I possess them, to dream again the dream of the last few minutes. 'T is true she sleeps, but it is the blue-veined sleep of death, 'the sleep that knows no waking.'

Again I know nothing till I see the family vault opened, which I had never been within but once, and then I was a small boy, and my sister an infant. That was to receive our mother. I looked in now and saw a new coffin. A still newer one was placed beside it. She had devotedly loved her husband in life, and in death they were not divided.

None but those who have passed through the trial know the awful loneliness of a house out of which has gone a funeral. We feel as if the body has left the chill of death there, and it will need much fire and sunshine before we again feel warmth; we speak in subdued voices and step lightly, for are they not round about us still, though invisible?

The recollection of the happiness I had enjoyed in this house, and of the loss I had sustained, was too agonizing for me to bear, and I determined to go among new scenes, and if possible give a new tone to my

thoughts and feelings. My little niece I had baptized at our village church, and then, leaving her in good and faithful hands, I again set out on my wanderings.

In looking over some memoranda made in former days, I came across one which brought to my mind an infant face which at that time had made a great impression on me, as being surpassingly beautiful. It was Rose, my other little god-daughter. I at once determined to seek out my quondam travelling companions, and with what direction I had, I succeeded in doing this with little difficulty. Fortunate it was that I did so, for I found the child friendless and almost homeless. The father had fallen a victim to the pestilence that visits so many of our Western cities; and leaving his child poor, I found the relatives very willing that I should take charge of the little helpless one. I took her home with me, and gave her as a sister to Amie, who was delighted to have a playmate so nearly her own age.

And now they have, as it is called, *finished* their education. They are both lovely and beautiful, although altogether different in appearance. Their love for each other is such as you seldom see in sisters. This is their first evening at home, for they have just returned from school, and are seated on each side of me. They are talking over a little *fete* that I am to give them on their *coming out*. I look into their pure sweet faces, and feel glad that I cannot see what is before them, for well I know that time and fate will not spare them the gray threads of life any more than the rest of mortals. Pride will enter their hearts when they receive the adulation of the world; and it will be well if jealousy does not also have a share in alienating their hearts, now so closely united. But what is this? While I am indulging in croaking thoughts the sprites have rolled aside the comfortable arm-chairs. Amie is seated at the piano, and Rose is declaring that 'Uncle shall practise a new waltz with her.' I had forsworn the dance with my introduction to the gout; but what avail good resolutions when opposed to youth and beauty? Poor St. Anthony resisted divers temptations, but when assailed by 'a laughing woman with two bright eyes,' he was no longer spiritual, but flesh, blood, and human nature, like myself. So here we go, round and round. Whew! how delightful it is! I exclaim, 'Richard is himself again,' for this takes me back to the time when I used to dance with the peasants during their vintage. I feel at the least ten years younger.

Confound it all! I have struck my gouty foot against the table-leg. I will neither dance or write any more to-night for all the women in Christendom.

E. M.

Baltimore, (Maryland.)

A C O N F I R M E D T O P E R .

'His name was a terrible name indeed,
'T was TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN,
And whenever he emptied a tumbler of punch,
He always wanted it *full* ag'in!'

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY J. SWETT.

I.

WHEN man first traversed Southern seas,
Which wash the cold Antarctic pole,
And spread the sail to favoring breeze
Where the Pacific's blue waves roll,
From unknown wastes he turned his eye
To the blue ocean, hung above,
And saw upon the star-lit sky
The symbol of a SAVIOUR'S love!

II.

'The Cross! the Cross!' burst from each lip,
As gazing with delighted view,
They pressed the deck of their lone ship,
And crossed themselves, believers true.
The wanderers, filled with doubt and fear,
Beheld upon the heaven's broad dome,
Far in that Southern hemisphere,
The emblem of the Church at Home!

III.

The hardened sailor's gaze was turned,
Amid the lightning's lurid glare,
To where the holy emblem burned,
And courage triumphed o'er despair:
He saw no more the Polar star;
Another guide to him was given,
The Southern Cross, that beamed afar,
Symbol of home, and hope, and heaven!

IV.

Ye brightest stars on Night's pale brow,
Flooding the sea with silver rays,
Before the INFINITE I bow,
Upon whose throne thy glories blaze!
Thus shall ye shadow to the soul
A cross inwrought on Heaven's bright floor,
While ages' noiseless surges roll
Upon Eternity's dim shore.

V.

Ye altar-fires! whose watch-towers stand
Upon the confines of those spheres,
Where through the galaxy's broad band,
A glimpse of unknown worlds appears;
Stars of the Cross! where man may trace,
Upon the temple of the sky,
An emblem of redeeming grace,
Whose holy light shall never die!

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

A SKETCH FROM THE COVE.

OF all the charming days I have spent at the Cove, I think the Sundays have been the pleasantest. The mere idea of Sunday, a day of rest and worship for the whole Christian world, is beautiful everywhere; but here in this quiet village a deeper hush seems to reign in heaven and earth; the birds sing more softly, the waves break more gently, and the joy of Nature seems subdued by a feeling of quiet holiness. In storm or in sun-shine, the very atmosphere of Sundays here is different from that of week-days. The day is kept in this family in the most primitive manner. All the bustle of the great farm is stilled; no work being done except that which is absolutely necessary. It is truly 'a day of rest:' and I have often wished that the zealous anti-Sabbatarians who hold conventions and make long speeches to prove that the Sabbath is not an institution ordained by God, could pass one quiet, peaceful Sunday here, and I am sure they would confess that, at least, it is the very best of man's institutions, and as such ought to be revered. And lest any such eager reformers should chance to be among my readers, I will describe the manner in which this lovely July Sunday at the Cove has been spent, and they shall judge whether the situation of the hard-working man all over the world would be benefited, or the reverse, by the abolition of an institution which devotes one day in seven to rest from labor, innocent recreation, and intellectual and religious improvement. I confess that I never understood the real value of this institution until I came here; but since I have seen its blessed effects, both upon the bodies and minds of the people of the Cove, I feel a new reverence for it, and for the wisdom, whether human or divine, which ordained it. And I wish to say here, that I do not refer to that sanctimonious, half-superstitious observance of the Sabbath which exists in so many of our cities, whose gloomy severity makes the day intolerable to children and tedious to grown people. The institution I advocate is a cheerful, peaceful, and happy one, the realization of which I saw at the Cove.

Every Saturday night the whole tribe of Wilson commence their preparation for the Sunday by a thorough bathing process; and, in spite of the bustle and noise which always attends this scene, the vast heatings of water, and the crying of the be-scrubbed children, there is always something poetical and significant to me in this Saturday-night's purification. By nine o'clock the ablutions are over, and the soap is washed out of the eyes of the last red-faced child, and all is still at the farm-house. Early this morning the household were astir, and, the needful work of the farm being quietly and speedily accomplished, the whole family, neatly dressed, with their Bibles and hymn-books in their hands, were ready to accompany me to the village church. The good

farmer locked the house-door, put the key in his pocket, and after looking over his little flock to see that all were there, we set forth on our walk. And a most lovely walk it was ! Our way lay first across the Cove beach, which separates the point from the village. The boats were drawn up high on the sands, and the little curving beach, usually so gay and busy with the arrivals and departures of the fishermen, now lay white and quiet in the morning sun-light, while no sound broke the silence but the lazy dash of the retreating waves which harmonized well with the peaceful spirit of the scene. It was the most beautiful of July mornings. The sky was cloudless, and the air, laden with the fragrance of the new-mown hay, came ever and anon in gentle breezes to us from the fields beyond, as we slowly passed across the beach and up the rocky path which led through deep pine woods to the church. I had often admired the picturesque situation of this little church. It stands on a wooded cliff over-hanging the sea, shaded by a grove of hemlock-trees, and from the windows you catch lovely glimpses of the sea and the islands framed by the drooping hemlock branches. In the pine wood we met troops of villagers coming by various paths to the church, and I could hardly keep from smiling, when, in the cleanly-shaved, awkward-looking men, in very old-fashioned long-tailed coats, and uncomfortable tall black hats, I recognized the merry sailors of the Cove, with whom I had cracked many a joke when, in the far more picturesque attire of red shirts and white duck trousers and weather-beaten tarpaulins, they hauled their boats up the beach, or spread their nets to dry in the sun. But their serious faces warned me that my mirth was untimely, and that the spirit of the Sunday was in their hearts, and not merely put on with their Sunday clothes. We entered the church, and I took my place by the open window. Every thing was calm, and solemn, and still. The little church boasted no organ, and the only sounds which broke the silence within were the gentle murmur of the waves, the occasional song of a bird, the whisper in the pines, or the rustle occasioned by the entrance of some member of the congregation. At last the minister appeared and the services began. Never have I seen the true spirit of worship so entirely carried out as in that humble Cove church. The people prayed with their minister, they sang with him, they almost preached with him. There was no affectation of a devotion they did not feel ; their earnestness was heart-felt ; they ' worshipped in spirit and in truth.' There was no drowsiness, no wandering of attention ; and as I looked at their up-turned sun-burnt faces, marked so deeply with the lines of care and of toil, and yet so beaming with the earnest devotion of true religion, those beautiful lines of Keble came to my mind :

‘ Off in life’s stillest shade reclining,
In humble quiet unrepining,
Meek souls there are, who little deem
Their daily strife an angel’s theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr’s palm.’

I never before saw such a collection of *good* faces. There was not much beauty among them, if beauty consists in regular features and

delicate complexion ; but their kind good hearts softened and ennobled their rough countenances, and I loved to look upon them. A sturdy, solemn race are those Cove fishermen. They sang the hymns with all their strength ; and if there was more of the roar of the sea than the melody of the pine-woods in their voices, their hearty devotion made their music sound far better to me than that of the well-trained choirs of our city churches, who sing languidly through the appointed number of verses with finely-accorded voices, but who, however much they may please the ears of their hearers, wake no religious emotions in their hearts. But God knows when the heart sings, and I think He heard and accepted those hymns of praise and love which ascended through the still air on this lovely Sunday morning.

The simple and fervent prayers of the minister seemed to find a faithful echo in the hearts of his people, and they listened to his sermon, which was a pious exhortation to a good life, from the text of the Golden Rule, with devout attention.

At the end of the service, and before the benediction was pronounced, the minister rose, and in a troubled voice requested the congregation to stop for a few moments, and then called for Simon Carter to come forward. An old man, with silvery hair and bent form, came forth from the most obscure corner of the church, and walking with tottering step up the aisle, stood in front of the low pulpit, with bowed head and clasped hands, while the minister solemnly reprimanded him, before the whole church, for having passed the previous Sunday morning in his field making hay. In a few well-chosen words he set forth the value of the Sabbath as a day of rest and of worship, especially to a working community like theirs ; and then, after a short address to Simon in particular, in which he represented the evil influence which his especial example might have on those younger than himself, he dismissed the congregation with a benediction, in which he included *by name* the Sabbath-breaker before him. The people rose to go, but still the old man remained standing before the pulpit, with bowed head, as if he dreaded to meet the eyes of his neighbors with the shame of this public rebuke upon him. But the good minister had not preached in vain. The doctrine of charity and forbearance toward their fellow-men was still sounding in the ears and hearts of his hearers. Their golden rule was not laid by as too precious for use, but was coined into kind words and deeds for daily life. And when at last old Simon raised his head, and walked slowly out of the church, he met with sympathizing looks and cordial greetings on every side, and even the minister stopped in passing to say a few pleasant, encouraging words to him. At the church-door and in the church-yard the villagers formed themselves into groups, and talked over the affairs of the week ; the prospect of fair weather for the fishing-fleet, which was to sail on the morrow ; what vessels had been heard from ; and what were due in the coming week ; but there was no levity and no noise, and they soon dispersed by different paths to their homes. But I lingered in the quiet church-yard, and seating myself on one of the low grassy mounds, watched the people, as they disappeared one by one, until the last lingering form was hidden from my view by the shadowy pine-trees.

It was a lovely scene. The place was silent with the indescribable hush of a Sabbath summer noon. There was no breeze on land or sea ; every thing was still, except the soft rush of the tide at the foot of the cliff and the whisper of the pine-trees which shaded the graves around me. But my heart was busy with what I had seen and heard. Never had I been so impressed with the solemnity of public services. Here in this little fishing-village the true ideal of worship seemed to have been preserved. There was no listlessness, no lukewarmness in their devotion ; and one felt, in looking at their serious, earnest faces, that its influence would not pass away, but would cheer and bless many an hour through the coming week. But why was it so ? Why did I find among these rough, untutored fishermen this true religious spirit — such sincere devotion ? The murmuring pine and the rushing sea answered me. They had been the teachers of a natural religion, which lived and worked in the hearts of their simple pupils. God's voice teaching lessons of beauty, and mercy, and love, spoke through His glorious works to His ignorant children, and they heard that voice and placed their little temple to His worship within sight of their much-loved ocean, and shaded it with their ministering pines.

In the afternoon, Farmer Wilson did not go to church, but passed the time in wandering over the farm with his children, and from my window I caught glimpses of the happy group, all through the long summer afternoon, now quietly seated under a tree, now picking up stones and shells on the beach ; and then again I saw them slowly lingering along through the fields, with their hands full of flowers and green boughs. Quiet rural pictures they made, suggesting peaceful, happy thoughts ; and when at last, as if tired with roaming about, the father seated himself in the low, broad porch, and with the children gathered round him, sang good old hymns and psalm-tunes, long forgotten in our city churches, he looked the perfect embodiment of serene, quiet enjoyment. Since tea, we have been sitting in the porch, watching the sun set and the misty twilight stealing over the sea, and listening to the distant bells of G ——— ringing for evening service. The sound came upon the wind across the water, now swelling to a loud chime, and now dying away to the faintest thread-like tone. An old legend says that evil spirits flee away before the ringing of bells. I know not how that may be, but surely no evil passion or base desire could resist the charm of the soft, sad music, which came to us, as if by enchantment, across the calm purple sea, on this most peaceful Sunday evening.

Suddenly, as we were listening to these distant vespers, the bell of the Cove church began to toll. Farmer Wilson counted the strokes. ' It is the passing-bell for old George Winthrop,' he said, as the bell stopped at the sixty-fourth stroke. ' Death will be a good friend to him, for his life has been sad enough.'

I had often met this old George Winthrop wandering about on the rocks and in the fields, and had been much attracted toward him, on account of his pleasant voice and gentle, courteous manners, which betokened a different birth and breeding from that of the people around him. He was an inmate of the village alms-house, and his large, wandering, blue eye, and child-like laugh, showed plainly the derange-

ment of mind under which he labored. But he was one of those persons of whom you would say at once 'That man has a history, and a tragic one too;' and now Farmer Wilson's words excited my curiosity and recalled a purpose I had before formed of inquiring into the particulars of his life. I found the good farmer very willing to gratify me as far as he knew, and the other incidents of old George's story I obtained from the minister of the village:

'Once on a time, (I believe all *true* stories begin 'once on a time,') the town of G — was a flourishing, prosperous sea-port, sending its vessels to every part of the world, and boasting its wealth and its merchant-princes. At the time when my story begins, some sixty years ago, one of the richest of these merchant-princes was Captain Winthrop, a man famed in all the county for his wealth and his liberality. He lived in the good old-fashioned hospitable style, 'keeping open house,' as it is called, for all strangers who visited G —, as well as for his own townsmen. No body gave such grand dinners; no body had so fine a house; no body drove such noble horses; and no body had so beautiful a son as Captain Winthrop. For the rest, he was a kind-hearted man enough, of no particular character, loving his own ease, and liking to see people happy around him. But as our story treats more of the son than of the father, we will leave the Captain for the present to his dinners and his horses, and take a look back into the childhood of our hero. George Winthrop was a boy of a sensitive, retiring nature, who, losing his mother at an early age, and never having been able to join the boyish sports of his companions on account of ill-health, was left comparatively to himself, and led a lonely life in his father's splendid mansion. The Captain, who had little time to spare for the education of his son, thought that he well performed the duties of a father by giving orders to the servants that George should never be thwarted or contradicted, but that his slightest wish should be obeyed; and he was satisfied that all was right if George appeared beautifully dressed at the close of his grand dinner-parties, to receive the compliments of the guests. To a child of a different nature, such an education would have been ruin, but George was only a little spoiled by it. His disposition was affectionate and yielding, and he needed only to be loved to make him happy. He loved his father with an intensity which rather troubled the Captain, who could neither understand nor appreciate the delicacy of his son's character, nor the depth of the feeling with which he clung to him as the only being on earth upon whom he could pour out the warm affection of his heart; and many a time poor George had gone to his room disheartened and miserable because his father had joked with him about his girlishness, and told him that he must get over such babyish ways. When George was about twelve years old, Captain Winthrop took an orphan daughter of a very dear friend to live with him, and from this time George's life was much happier.

'Mary Howard was a lovely girl of sixteen, who, seeing with the quick perception of a woman the cause of George's unhappiness at home, soon won his confidence and turned toward herself the full tide of affection which his father checked and repulsed. As time wore on and George grew toward manhood, this affection ripened into a warmer

feeling. He loved Mary with his whole heart and soul ; and she, loving no one else, and flattered by his entire devotion, although not in the least appreciating its depth, consented to engage herself to him when he should leave college. As this time approached, he told his father of his proposed engagement, never for an instant doubting his approval. He had so long been left to himself in every way that he could not imagine that his father would interfere with him now in a matter which so nearly concerned his happiness. But he was mistaken. Captain Winthrop laughed at his love for Mary as a mere boyish fancy, and then laughed again at George's indignation at his mirth ; but at last becoming more serious, consented to the engagement, upon the conditions that it should be a private one for one year, and that during that year George should travel in Europe. Now Captain Winthrop's reasons for this proposition were two-fold. In the first place he did honestly believe, as he had said, that George's love for Mary was a mere boyish fancy, and he thought that a winter in Paris would soon cure him of his youthful passion. But there was also another very stringent reason why the Captain made this arrangement. He had lately been thinking of marrying again himself, and in the whole circle of his acquaintance, he found no lady so pretty and so sweet-tempered, nor one who filled the place at the head of his table so gracefully as Mary Howard. Still he had not entirely decided upon asking her to fill that place permanently as his wife, until George told him of his engagement. Then he felt keenly how great a loss she would be to him, and he reproached himself for his folly in not foreseeing what the natural result would be of allowing two young people to be so constantly and unreservedly together. However, like a wise father, he offered no opposition to their engagement but that of exacting George's absence for a year. He looked upon the whole matter as a childish love affair, which would not stand the test of time and absence. George was a mere boy, who would soon forget pretty cousin Mary, as he called her, in the fascinating society of Paris, and the charming life of Italy. And pretty cousin Mary ? Why this must be only a child's-play to her, which she would readily relinquish when in its place she received more attractive and rational proposals. So thought Captain Winthrop, and perhaps not without reason. His glass showed him a fine-looking man, with hair unblanched by age, and of a noble presence. He would take his chance. He could not lose Mary. She had become necessary to the comfort of his daily existence, and the picture of his cheerless home without her graceful form, and sweet face, and pretty thoughtful ways, haunted him continually. Surely there was more to charm the imagination of a girl like Mary in the matured affection of a man of his years than in the passing love of a boy like George. He would win her and marry her, and he thought he knew enough of the world to be perfectly sure that when George returned, he would thank him for his wisdom in sending him away, and would meet Mary with the calm affection of a friend. Now, Captain Winthrop was not a bad man, but he was a selfish one ; and if he ever had any uncomfortable twinges of conscience about this matter, he quickly consoled himself with the idea, of the truth of which

he was thoroughly persuaded — of the transient nature of the affection between George and Mary.

‘The lovers parted with the usual amount of vows and protestations which are proper to such occasions, and for a time Mary felt very desolate. But though sweet and gentle by nature, she had no strength of character, and could be moulded like wax by a will stronger than her own. Of an affectionate disposition and thus easily impressible, she had not been able to resist the strength and passion of George’s love, although at times its intensity troubled and perplexed her. And now in its place she found a quiet, gentle affection, ever watchful for her happiness and comfort, which harmonized far better with her own calm nature than George’s unequal, passionate love; and this devotion, too, coming from her guardian, whom she had been accustomed to look upon as a superior being. How could she show her gratitude for such kindness? Alas! the way was soon too plain before her. The constant daily blessing of a present affection soon weakened, in such a mind as Mary’s, the impression of the absent love. In those days a letter from Europe was a rare event, and when one of George’s letters, full of passionate longings for home and love for her, did flash like a meteor across her calm life, she was troubled for a day or two, and then sank weakly back into the enjoyment of the present. Captain Winthrop had taught her fully his belief that George’s love for her was a mere boyish folly, and that on his return he would thank her for releasing him from an engagement which had become irksome to him.

‘And so time passed on, and when seven months of the year had gone, Mary was engaged to her guardian, and had written a letter to George to tell him of her change of affection. The wedding-day was fixed, by a strange coincidence, on the very day which ended George’s year of probation, but of this Mary had been too busy to think. George had probably received her letter, and his father thought he would pass another year in Europe, and had forwarded him the necessary order on his banker. And so the preparations went gayly on, and the marriage-day arrived. The ceremony was performed in church, from whence the wedding-party accompanied the bride and bridegroom to their house, where a splendid entertainment was to be given to all the people of G — and its environs. On their arrival at home, Mary retired to her chamber to make some alteration in her dress, and as she passed on her way thither a little room which was especially devoted to her use, and which had received the name of ‘Mary’s library,’ she was startled at seeing through the open door the figure of a man extended upon the sofa. As she turned to go back and call her husband, the figure, disturbed at some slight noise she made, turned his head toward her, and with dismay she recognized George’s well-known features. Her limbs failed her, and she was obliged to lean against the door for support; but George, not understanding the cause of her agitation, sprang toward her, and folding her in his arms, exclaimed, ‘My own beloved Mary, my own, own love!’ Tears of joy and excitement flowed down his cheeks; the joy of seeing her again seemed almost too much for his passionate, loving nature. At last he said, ‘O dearest Mary, how long

you have been away! I arrived an hour ago, and the servants told me you had gone to some body's wedding; and as I did not want to meet you for the first time in church, I determined to wait for you here in our own little room, where we have been so happy. Why don't you speak to me, dear child? Did I frighten you? You surely expected me to-day? Do you not know what day it is? Oh! this tedious, tedious year!' And again he clasped her to his heart, murmuring the fondest words of love. And Mary saw it all in one glance — saw that he had not received her letter, and that he had returned, loving her even more dearly than when he left her. Oh! how terrible was her anguish! How could she turn the joy of that young heart to utter misery! But it must be done, and she must do it. Slowly disengaging herself from his arms, she turned her face to his, and said, 'You must prepare yourself for a great sorrow, dear George,' and then while he gazed at her with an alarmed look, and seemed for the first time to have taken notice of her bridal dress, she said, 'To-day was my wedding-day; I am your father's wife.' George gazed at her silently, with eyes extended, and cheeks and lips from which the blood seemed to have fled for ever. Mary tried to take his hand, but it fell passive from her grasp. 'Speak to me, George,' she cried. 'Did you not get my letter? I wrote to tell you this. Oh! do not look so strangely at me!' But still the poor young man stood with eyes fixed upon her face, as one petrified by horror. The sudden change from the intense joy of seeing her again to this unutterable misery had been too much for him, and when in her agony she fell on her knees before him, and implored him to speak only one word, to forgive her, he pushed her violently from him with one hand, while with the other he seized her bridal wreath and veil, and trampled them under his feet; then with a shriek which rang in Mary's brain for many a year after, he fell senseless to the floor. When he recovered his consciousness, he was a raving maniac, so violent that the strictest confinement was necessary. For years he was the inmate of a lunatic asylum. At times he had lucid intervals, and at last was pronounced harmless, and was freed from every restraint; but his memory was entirely gone. Fortunately for him, the past was a perfect blank. He did not recognize his father, and spoke of Mary, who often visited him, as the lovely lady who brought him fruits and flowers.

Those who saw him at this time describe him as being very beautiful to look upon; but it was the unintellectual beauty of mere color and form, and his uncertain, wandering glance and meaningless smile made this very grace of form and feature painful to those who knew his history. It was not thought best for him to return to his father's house, lest the sight of the old familiar rooms and furniture might bring back his paroxysms of insanity; so a room was fitted up for him at the hospital, which Mary took a mournful pleasure in decorating with flowers and pictures. He was always sweet and gentle, but he seemed calmer and happier when he was surrounded with beautiful objects. He would pass whole days wandering in the woods and on the sea-shore, and always returned laden with flowers, and mosses, and bright shells, and sea-weeds, with which he took a childish delight in adorning his room. Indeed, he was like a child in every thing, and the village children all

loved him. His favorite walk from G — was to the Cove. Mary and he had been there often in the happy days of their engagement, and he seemed unconsciously to himself to have some pleasant, soothing association with the Cove-beach and the deep pine woods. So years passed on, and there seemed no hope that the lamp of reason so fearfully extinguished would ever be kindled again; but he led an innocent, simple life, and he seemed happy; and poor Mary, who tried by the most untiring devotion to atone for the injury she had done him, was grateful even for that. He told her once that he thought he had seen her somewhere before, for the sight of her face made him feel strangely here, (and he put his hand on his brain,) but he could not remember about it rightly; all was dim and misty.

'At last Mary died, and a few years after her husband was killed by a fall from his horse. In settling his estate it was found that he died insolvent. He had been living in the most reckless manner, and had met with heavy losses, so that after the sale of his effects and the payment of his creditors nothing was left for George. But of what use was money to him? The warm sun-shine of summer, a seat by a cottage fire in winter, the simplest food, and the meanest clothes were all he asked; and the Cove people loved him too well to let him suffer from the want of these. For a long time he lived with them, now at this house, now at that, until he grew old and infirm, and then the sunniest and pleasantest room in the alms-house was set apart for old George. And there he finished his harmless, simple life, and there, in that quiet Sunday-evening twilight, while the passing bell rung out solemnly over the sea, his gentle spirit sought its home.'

I afterward heard from the minister of the Cove the following interesting particulars of his death: A few hours before he died he fell into a sweet sleep, and when he awoke, those who stood round his bed saw at once by the light in his eye that the dark veil which had clouded his life had been suddenly removed. He gazed wonderingly around the room, and at the strange faces beside him, and then said, 'Where am I? How long I have slept!' Then, as his eyes happened to catch sight of his hands, which were brown and withered by age and exposure, he stopped speaking and looked at them with a puzzled air, and then murmured again; 'Why, what can have happened to me? Am I not George Winthrop? Why am I not in my father's house? Where is Mary?' But at that name a sudden light flashed across his newly-awakened memory, and he cried, 'O God! I remember it all now! my father's wife! my father's wife!' For a few minutes his agony was so great that they thought he was dying; but after a time he recovered sufficiently to listen to the explanation of the minister. The years of his mental alienation were now wholly obliterated from his memory, and he could hardly be persuaded that it was not the day before that he had returned from Europe to his father's house. He remembered nothing that had happened since that day, although Mary's words, 'I am your father's wife,' seemed burnt into his brain. He listened quietly and dreamily to the account the good minister gave of this long interval of years, and then asked for a looking-glass. One was placed before him, and for a moment he gazed eagerly at the poor withered, white-haired

old man who looked so mournfully out at him, and then murmuring, 'O God, have mercy!' he sank back upon his pillow, covered his face with his hands, and died. Hope, youth, love, beauty, all gone : in that terrible moment what was left for him but to die?

What a strange, bewildering dream life must have seemed to him in that last solemn hour, and what a world of remembrances and of anguish must have rushed upon him then! No words can venture to portray the feelings of that poor stricken heart. Forty years of mere blank existence, then a few hours of such intense feeling, and then

'A LITTLE fold of hands,
A little drop of sands,
And the fluttering spirit stands
Beyond the vale, victorious.'

T O A M O S Q U I T O .

AVAUNT! ye wee bit croonin' thing,
That comes wi' melancholious wing,
Sair shadows o'er my dreams to fling,
An' start my rest;
I'll warrant now ye thinks ye sing
As guid's the best!

Ye spin sae noisy 'yont my bed,
An' then come skirling round my head,
My quiverin' winkers yerk wi' dread
O' your slee bite:
Ye ne'er-do-weel! I'd see ye dead
Wi' sic delight!

There, sklentint' 'gainst my nose ye go,
An' whiles a mighty skelp I throw,
Ye're jinkin' like some dastard foe,
Baith slee and fell;
I aimed to crush ye, stick and stow,
But hurt *mysel'*.

Alack! alack! it's aye the fate
O' them that's made disconsolate,
Wi' rantin' coofs o' town or state,
By unco hap;
Ilk blow on any beastie's pate
Hits *them* a rap.

Weel, sin' ye mean no rest for me,
Ye maun a moralizer be;
As fu' the world around I see
O' waes and blights,
As i' the morn my face will be
O' 'skeeter' bites.

An' whiles a-dozin', I infer
That he's the true philosopher
Wha'll na for sinna' misfortunes stir
At ony rate;
And gangs through trouble's thickest blur
Wi' cheerfu' gate.

MERCY MORE,

F L E U R D E S I L L E R Y .

BY J. DE LEGARE.

WHEN young Van Trump, the grand-nephew of the Patroon, on his return from Paris gave us that little dinner at Delmonico's in celebration of the event — a quiet affair of half-dozen ; it was in the dog-days, and the family were at Newport, where he was to join them next day — which of us would have ventured to predict the events that have since transpired ?

If we did not drink healths, our host pledged some body in a silent bumper, and most of us knew it was no body he would be likely to see next day at Newport, but Signora Vermicelli, the celebrated *danseuse*, old enough to be his mamma, but as youthful in looks as my friend, almost ; whom he had adored in Paris, and in whose society he hoped to be for ever blessed — those were his words — so soon as the paternal consent could be obtained. I looked at my young friend, whose flax-colored moustache had the consistency of down, and who certainly ought to have been in leading-strings, with some compassion and more curiosity ; for I knew that the paternal consent never would be given, and that after a scene, perhaps, and a long fit of the blues, the young gentleman would console himself with a country-woman distinguished for beauty, or money, or both, if fortune favored, and not be burdened with a wife speaking shocking English, and whose face would be one thing in a ball-room and another in their bridal-chamber, and whose show of cosmetics would doubtless have disgusted him before the end of the honey-moon. It would not have done to have said these things ; for the young fellow had, as he thought, discovered in his Vermicelli the woman after our own hearts we are all in search of, and to have doubted this or the unalterable nature of his attachment would have been to sacrifice our friendship out of hand. So I sat and quietly smoked my segar, while amusing myself with the thought of how my young friend on the morrow, or at most the next day, for his impatience would know no curb, would blurt out the state of his affections to that purse-proud, obstinate old fellow, Van Trump, Senior, and how there-upon there would be a great row, which, as the elder Van is as fiery and swears as much, if in better presidential English, as any man of his Dutch ancestry, would come to the ears of the occupant of the next rooms through the thin partition very likely, and so get wind all over the place. Subsequent to which, when my friend here would go about with a distracted air, namely, with a tie of no character to his neck-cloth, caring neither for morning muslins nor riding habits ; or when he would stand with a frown upon that youthful brow and folded arms at the ball-room door or window, gazing gloomily in upon the wearers of those forenoon simplicities, in costumes which would more forcibly recall the graces of his beloved and for-ever lost one, would not every body amuse

themselves at his expense, and declare it was a pity he had not married the signora and never come home at all?

But the fun of the thing will be, I reflected, when he comes to look upon himself once again as a marrying man, having ceased all on a sudden to talk of his Contessa, the lady is titled; or perhaps he may lament that angel to the last, and regard his future marriage as a self-sacrifice, a duty owed to his family and posterity. I wonder who the fair creature will be, I thought, and how *old* she will be this time! Ha! ha! I would lay an even wager that if he does marry within the year it will be a woman double his age, maturity has such a *naïve* charm for these youngsters; but if he wait five years or so, most likely he will wed more rationally; and if he delays longer still, say ten, or fifteen, or seventeen circles of our planet, who knows but the lovely Mrs. Van may be some body born last year, or year before, or to-night for the matter of that? Stranger things happen, to be sure. Let's see. Here's my precious young friend who has seen Paris and the elephant—no, the Countess Vermicelli and the elephant—conjointly, and who is not, I should say, more than nineteen or twenty. Now if Miss What's-her-name be born in the present year, twenty, and let us say seventeen, she will prove a youthful bride, but not at all too young for a man of thirty-five or seven. Will you marry her? Will such be your matrimonial fate, young Van? I mentally asked, sucking my segar very hard, and eyeing my host curiously.

'Oh! come!' said the object of my reverie, breaking in upon my train of thoughts, though of course knowing nothing of them, 'what are you staring at me in that curious way for, old fellow? Don't you see they have all slipped away to the opera and elsewhere and left us two alone. As you are a good fellow and have not followed suit, (knowing what a weight I have upon my mind,) I will reward your fidelity by showing you what I told you a fib about the other day and said I had not got. I *had n't* it at the time though, you know, for I was getting a copy of it made by an artist, in case things should turn out all wrong down at Newport, and the governor demand my credentials. I tell you what,' young Van said, knowingly, stroking his downy moustache, 'the governor has every dollar in his own hands, to do with as he choses, and as I never would give up the original, it's safest to have a copy you know all ready to surrender. Oh! I anticipate a brush; you know the governor is so fiery and opinionated: but we men of the world understand how to manage such affairs, don't we?'

Was it chance, or was it fate blindly groping like a plant in a cellar toward the light, that took us that same night by the door of a fine house in a fashionable quarter? For the sake of our immediate successors let us say it was not in the Fifth Avenue, for that street Mrs. C. Fysh says very truly is getting extremely low and not at all the thing. Mrs. Fysh, you know, is the daughter of an apple-woman; but then she is the heiress of Fysh the money-broker, who prudently died after marrying her, which established her claim, and so old Goody Two-shoes, with her stall and short pipe, has become a myth already.

The house, as already stated, is a fine one; and its elaborated front, illumined by the gas-light, caught the attention of young Van, who

said 'Hullo!' and begged to know — having become somewhat a stranger in his native city — who the d ———l this pile belonged to? 'Some intruder into *our* set,' my aristocratical friend added, with hauteur.

'It is the property of Mr. McKrell, the alderman and millionaire, *five-millionaire* for aught I know,' I made answer, with the reverence in my voice, I hope, due to great wealth.

But my young companion, who has little reverence in his soul for any thing, and I am afraid had drunk a little more of the iced punch where we had last been than was quite good for him, would not stir until I had satisfied his curiosity farther. 'What? it ain't the fish-monster, is it?' said he.

'No; but I believe his father was a — some way concerned in that branch of commerce,' I was obliged to admit; upon which little Van broke into a laugh.

'Why, he's to be my father-in-law if I obey my aunt Bo,' he communicated in a tipsy whisper. 'Ain't it funny? You know aunt Bo: rich as Croesus and a dragon in appearance, by Jove! Breaks her leg at Mac's door, and is taken in and nursed for a couple of months, and out of gratitude she makes a vow to marry *me* to the daughter or leave her money to a hospital. She's too democratical for my use and be hanged to her!' says the nephew in a sudden fit of indignation.

'The deuce!' cried I; 'why you never mentioned all this! When did you learn it, and what's her Christian name?'

'How should I know?' answered Van rather peevishly. 'Old Bo' — this was his irreverent way of naming that estimable lady — 'wrote to me at Paris about the upsetting of the carriage and the rest. But I wrote her back I was in love already — with my countess, you know, but I did n't say who it was — and would marry whom I liked. These old women must put their fingers in every pie. I abominate them!' said Van, sucking hard at his segar.

'Well, your aunt has n't built a hospital yet, at least it has n't got into the papers that she has,' I returned with a grin, 'and she is at Saratoga now, and the McKrells too, by George! now that I come to think of it. Suppose you go there after paying your respects to your governor — *incog.*, you know, under the domino of that magnificent moustache which you sport. Or stay; no doubt they will look in at Newport and find you there, which will do as well, and afford you an opportunity of studying the *personnel* of the future Mrs. Van Trump through the ball-room windows before being presented in form. Miss Georgiana is rather ug — not so pretty as she might be, but she is so clever; she will cut you up as fine as mince-meat in a trice.'

'Will she?' cried my young friend in a passion, and flung away his segar with such emphasis that I saw plainly there was little hope for the lady, though she had been worth a plum twice over. But there is another Miss McKrell, I thought, just from boarding-school too, and very pretty I've heard, and would have said so but for a sudden idea which flashed across my brain. Shall I tell him? No, I won't! Time will show, I soliloquized, smiling to myself, for I love a clever plot.

'Come now!' said little Van, who thought I was laughing at him,

but does not bear malice, and had already got the better of his vexation, 'have done, that's a good fellow! You know if there were any reason in it you might plague me for ever. But where's the joke? I'll never marry any body but the Countess Vermicelli, if she will have me, and as for coupling a Scotch McKrell with a Van Trump, Sir, the thing is preposterous. Why can't they marry among themselves, eh?' asked the heir of the Vans, plaintively, 'and leave me alone?'

'Oh! yes, there's Mrs. Fysh, and young Codd, her heir, the height of the fashion, whose trowsers display even greater stripes upon them than yours can boast, my young friend; and then there would be a new spawn of our aristocracy, eh! d'ye take?'

'Oh! of course I do; McKrell and Fysh!' quoth my friend, honoring the *bon mot*, which was suited to his capacity and taste; and thereupon we parted, to meet some ten days later at Newport, whither little Van went next morning to embrace his family.

I was seated in my room in the 'Ocean' one hot forenoon enjoying the national *otium sine dignitate*, with my feet elevated upon the window-sill, drowsily listening to the roar of the surf, and turning the leaves of *Punch*, when T. Tulip Van Trump, Esquire, entered. His cravat had not the elegant tie habitual to it, and he had evidently waxed his moustache less frequently of late than usual. 'Well, my boy,' said I, yawning, 'who are you in love with now? Ten days are enough to change one's mind ten times over.'

'A man loves but once,' retorted that precocious man of the world, sententiously, and took a chair with a sigh.

'All up with the signora?' said I inquiringly. Tulip shook his head.

'What! the governor do n't consent to the alliance?'

'No!' said Tulip, with another sigh. And having established himself at the other window with a like regard to nationality as myself, tilted back his chair on its hind legs and gave his soul over to sombre musing. 'Oh! well!' thought I, observing this over my left shoulder, 'if you've no mind to be communicative you are welcome to do as you choose, you know.' But it was not the nature of the youngster to remain long mute.

'I am the most miserable fellow on earth,' he said presently; 'I don't know what to make of it all, and some how I begin to feel that insurmountable obstacles are gathering between my — my Vermicelli and me. I take out her likeness, *both* of them I should say, nightly, and regard them with tearful eyes. Don't laugh at me, old fellow,' he added deprecatingly, 'but tell us what to do.'

'You precious little humbug!' said I in return, 'what do you mean by haunting a watering-place with such a face and cravat-tie as that? You a man of the world! You are a milk-sop rather, and I have no doubt the laughing-stock of every soul in the place.'

'What the devil do you mean? You — you shall hear from me, Sir!' my young friend cried in a rage, bouncing up and seizing his hat. 'Confound the lock!' he said immediately after. 'Will you have the kindness to open your door for me, Sir?'

At which polite speech I broke out laughing; for the truth was, the

knob was wanting, and it required some time and practice to effect an exit; and I knew it. 'Pooh! pooh!' said I, 'don't be angry. Come, shake hands and be friends, and tell us all about it. Of course, you know I never abuse you except for your good — do I?'

'I do n't believe you ever do,' Tulip answered, somewhat dubiously; he was not apt to bear malice, and his passion was quickly over. 'Only keep a civil tongue in your head, and I *will* tell you,' he said: 'and I say, old fellow, give us your advice, will you?'

'Of course,' said I, gravely; 'advice is a thing always adopted. Go on; but no sentiment, mind you, or we shall quarrel again. Sentiment in the dog-days!' I growled, unbuttoning my vest, and using *Punch* for a fan.

'Well,' began little Van, with a smile this time, 'you know I came down here anticipating an explosion, and prepared to relinquish the copy of my signora's miniature, if need were, but to hold on to the original. You see I — a-am not of age yet,' he added, rather sheepishly, and superfluously too, and my governor might cut me off with a shilling if he chose. But for that, I believe I should have married her out of hand, and not have come home at all; at least not for the present. Do you know she thought of that first, when I was pressing for our early union, and tenderly declared she would 'nevere, nevere be the occasion of my losing the parental esteem': dear creature! What are you grinning at?'

'Nothing,' said I. 'Go on.'

'Well, when I had saluted *Maman* and Azalia, and given them the trifles I had brought for each, and to *mon père* a magnificent segar-case — what a good thing it is he don't take after his Dutch ancestry and smoke a short pipe, ain't it?'

'Oh! quite a comfort!'

'— studded with brilliants, and engraved with a view of St. Cloud, which I saw gratified him amazingly, as evidencing economy in other ways in the disbursement of my allowance abroad.'

('You little scamp! I saw the identical thing in the show-case of Ball, Black, and Company, and you know you got it there on *tic*,' was my thought.)

'— After making myself quite popular all around, I may say, what do I do but march the old gentleman down to the beach for privacy, you understand, feeling sure of the governor's swearing horribly, and perhaps losing my own temper in the *mêlée*, early one fine morning, and pop it all out in a breath.'

'Good! *en avant!* as we say on the continent.'

'Why, of course, you know I thought there was to be a scene and the deuce to pay, and — a — I was not quite prepared for what actually resulted. I say, old fellow, I could have battled all day for my right to make my own matrimonial choice, or maintained the superior beauty and perfection — of course I could — of the Signora Vermicelli against all the world. But, by Jove! to think that after I had run on for half an hour or thereabouts in a florid style of eloquence, the governor smoking the matinal segar meanwhile, and offering no word of remonstrance in any shape, and I had been in that way encouraged, I rather believe

now, to pile it on, and had wrought up my feelings to that pitch which makes it imperative on a man to do or be done for, the governor merely knocked the ashes off his segar and said, flourishing his gold-headed cane in quite a juvenile way, *and, as if there had been a dead silence preceding his remark,* mind you :

‘Fine morning, my boy. Glad you do n’t smoke as much as I do, and so can inhale the refreshing sea-air. By George! you tempt me to smoke more than ever by this splendid gift of yours, (parenthetically taking it out and lighting a fresh weed from it.) The sea-breeze, taken betimes, I am told is admirable for the digestion, restores the circulation, expands the chest, and all that sort of thing ; gives *me* an amazing appetite. Hullo ! did you see that flounder bounce out of his element ? There he goes again !’

I answered something incoherent. Hang it ! I believe I must have looked like a fool. What the deuce was I to say ? By Jove ! it was the *coolest* thing I ever listened to. At first I was inclined to believe it was all sham to gain time, and walked along in awful anticipation of a storm after all this fine weather. But no, I never saw the governor in better spirits or more chatty. By Jove ! it was well he was, for not one word did I utter thereafter. From being perplexed and not knowing what to make of it, I got in a rage and sullen, and so went home, *mon pere* benignly ignorant, so it would appear, that any thing had gone amiss, or that our stroll had been characterized by any great disclosure. The whole of them are so, the old lady being the only one who showed any consciousness, by bridling a little when I talked glibly of my foreign (to be) wife. For you must know I tried that on too. I consented to lay aside my native bashfulness, by Jove ! and to talk as if the thing were all settled. But, would you believe it ? even Azalia is not to be tempted into showing the least curiosity, though, hang it ! I know they are burning to say something. They listen, to be sure, or at least do n’t stop their ears or run away ; but if I were to say I had met Smith down town, or Brown in the steamer, or remarked that the day was sun-shiny or rainy, as the case might be, they would have evinced more interest in the intelligence, I am sure. The truth is, I came down red-hot, and anticipating falling into a powder magazine, you know, but nothing has ensued, and — I might as well confess it first as last — I begin to feel uncomfortably chilled by my reception ; would n’t you, old fellow ?’

‘Of course I would. Well ?’

‘Well, that’s all. There is nothing to hang a complaint or sense of wrong on, by Jove ! for there is no opposition. No body says any thing *contra*, and no heed is taken of what I say *pro*. There is no excitement of any kind, you know, which is the chief aggravation to my mind, and when I pull out my beloved miniature, I remember there are *two* of them, confound it ! and the thing takes a ridiculous turn.’

‘Why don’t you burn one, or hang it round your pointer’s neck, by a blue ribbon, eh ? it will present a new version of ‘Like me like my dog.’’

But as my young friend seemed disinclined to notice my counsel, and with his elbows on the window-sill and his head between his hands,

appeared lost in a reverie, I took occasion to review the little incident he had mentioned, coupled with other events, while igniting a match against the wall. 'What a precious old fox Van, Senior is, to be sure!' I mused, with a burst of involuntary admiration; 'his abilities are quite wasted in private life! Of course this affair of little Tulip's is killed off; for what lover would survive under a perpetual shower-bath. I would lay an even wager that young ape Prunelle, who came home a steamer in advance of this enamored youngster, had told the whole story beforehand, and old Van Trump, bless his honest heart! laid his injunctions upon the womankind accordingly. I should not wonder if Madame or Signora what's-her-name Vermicelli, were forgotten in a fortnight. I should not wonder,' said I aloud, leaning back, with my thumbs in the arm-holes of my vest, and tranquilly regarding the blue incense clouds of my segar, 'to hear the history of a new attachment from your truth-telling lips, my youthful Lothario, say in ten days, or thereabouts.'

'No,' returned Tulip, shaking his head despondingly, and still staring out of window, 'the world contains but one woman for me; but one whose fate I feel — I — a — yes, by Jove, it is! What the d — I brings *her* here now, I should like to know. Deuce take it! I thought I was safe for three weeks at least, and *then* —' little Van said, breaking off on a sudden, and retiring precipitately from the window with a face of alarm.

'Who, not the Countess, eh?' cried I laughing; and putting my head out, beheld a tall lady superintending the transfer of a number of trunks from a travelling-carriage with truly masculine energy, about whom dallied and trotted, with every apparent effort to please, no less a personage than the pompous and — shall I say? — rather punchy General Cornelius Van Trump, poking the articles enumerated with his gold-headed cane, and occasionally turning to some one within doors, but whom I could not see, from my position, with that flourishing politeness for which the old aristocrat is famous.

'By all that's funny!' cried I, looking at young Van, and much amused by his dismayed expression, 'the nabob — and childless — Mrs. Bobbinet! In other words, and as in the simplicity of her heart she loves to be called, your aunt Bo!'

'I thay,' whispered Prunelle in my ear that night in the ball-room; Prunelle lisps (intentionally) and is otherwise a puppy; but one need not tell one's acquaintance all one thinks of them; and I believe Prunelle has an esteem for me, if he does consider me rather slow. 'I thay, did you know the McKrells have arrived? and, I thay, Mrs. Bobbinet, too! *Cette femme terrible!* I believe I thall cut and run.'

'No you won't, while Miss Georgiana Felicia McKrell is to be got for a partner, and you have any hope of — you know what!' quoth I, in my pointed way, upon which Prunelle smirked, and I believe blushed.

'Oh! hang it!' he cried, 'you are such a devil of an obtherver! I did not think a thoul thaw me call on them thith afternoon — on Mithtreth McKrell and Mith Georgie, I mean. Of courth you know the *other* thithter has been taken up — adopted, I believe, curth me if I know why — by Mith Bo.'

I nodded. 'You and I know a thing or two, hey Prunelle! By the way,' I added, with a sudden thought, 'what do you say to a quiet segar in my room to-night, after your allowance of redowas? We haven't had a chat about the *munseers* since your return, and De Sillery will be there, I remember.'

'With great pleathure, my dear fellow,' Prunelle returned with alacrity, for the little scamp has not forgotten, though he makes believe he has, that his father was a tailor, and likes to be thought hand-and-glove with a gentleman born.

Now I care nothing for Prunelle, and consider him, as already hinted, little superior to a well-trained dancing-dog; but a looker-on in society like myself, who does not dance, has given up all idea of marriage with his first youth, and is not inclined to mischief-making, cannot be better employed than in playing faithful Mentor to these young Greeks. It is no business of mine if my suspicions prove correct; if Prunelle is not able to hold his tongue; and if one of these fine mornings either he or my young friend Tulip has an end put to *his* polking by a ball in the hip or thereabouts. Also, it is certainly not my concern that little Tulip should or should not tie himself to the cast-off mistress of the *roué* King of Congo, and lose both the paternal fortune and that of the nabob, Mrs. Bo. But of course it would distress me, happening under my very eyes, just as the sight of either of them drowning, though reading a paragraph to that effect in the morning paper would not sensibly diminish my appetite, I suppose. Come! thought I—I will pump this youngster, at all events, and ascertain what he knows of little Van's doings in Paris. Of course he will be able to tell nothing of this *protégé* of Mrs. Bo's; but don't it look—quoth I, confidentially to myself—as if our surmise was near the truth? There is a certain interest in the pursuit which promises to repay the trouble. Mrs. Bo is not the woman to do a thing hastily or uselessly; and after all, it is from her conduct only that any thing is to be gathered. I should like of all things to be at hand when Tulip does his duty; the scapegrace will shun his aunt if he can, I know, but there is little likelihood of his being able to do so for any length of time. As for this Miss McKrell—if Prunelle be correct in his information—I suppose it is the same I remember as a school-girl a year or two back. This is her first season, of course; and Mrs. Bo—wily old diplomatist—may call her what she chooses, and few people be any the wiser—no body certainly whose society the Van Trumps affect.

Dear Mrs. Bobbinet! when I call to mind her familiar figure, not at all *distingué*, though a haunter of watering-places, but quite noticeable; the energy of character so apparent in that staid New-England face, overshadowed by the miraculous lace-cap of which she is so fond—'a regular three-decker,' Prunelle once communicated to me in a whisper, with a grin; her prodigious wealth—every shilling of which Bobbinet earned with his own yard-stick, as one may say—and left untrammelled to his better half; her independent notions; love of strategy and abhorrence of being thwarted; her unbounded patriotism; and above all, her distaste to any thing which may be stigmatized as foreign and flummery, whether apparent in the fashion of fashionable little Mrs.

Tomtit's transatlantic bonnet, or in the elegant manners of Prunelle and his compeers, late of Paris, I really do not know whether to procure her nomination for the Presidency of the Womans' Rights Association, or of the Republic at large.

'Mrs. Bobbinet,' said I, later in the evening, with a low bow to that illustrious lady, 'we still survive under the wings of the American Eagle!'

Mrs. Bo smiled graciously, if grimly, and said, 'Young man, when I am Secretary of State, you shall have a diplomatic appointment.'

'Oh no, Mrs. Bo,' cried I, 'that would be selling my patriotism.'

After which exchange of sentiment — amounting to a formula, indeed, whenever we met — I had the honor to be presented to Miss Angela, as every body said the to-be heiress-in-chief of Mrs. Bo's millions, and at present her charming *protégé*.

'It is such an event as this,' said I, in my gentlemanly way, to that young lady, 'which really, 'pon honor, makes one sorry to have left polkaing to younger men.'

Miss Angela, a delightfully bright and pretty girl, in her first round of pleasure, at this darted a glance at me, which, with a very slight pout of her lip, meant to say, 'What a tease of a man! Why you're a mere cipher in society. Pray talk to Mrs. Bo, will you?' And Prunelle coming up at this juncture, with his usual easy assurance, put his arm round her waist, and away they went.

'Let's take a wound,' he had suggested to his fair partner, who was nothing loth, and I heard him add, as they set off, 'awful thlow, aint he?' to which the fair Angela no doubt assented in her heart.

However, as I am not of a jealous temperament, and prefer, on the whole, to speak well of my friends behind their backs, I only smiled and turned to Mrs. Bobbinet.

'Dear Mrs. Bo,' said I, 'when I regard these young men of fashion, what exultation do I feel in the thought that I behold the wing-feathers, so to say, of our great American Eagle — the actual pinions upon which our fame is wafted across seas to distant lands. Prunelle has returned home to dazzle, and Paris is no doubt under a cloud. Little Mrs. Tomtit has never seen Niagara, but she has the Queen, which is a great deal more to talk about. From both, no doubt, opinions have been formed of our social state quite flattering to our national vanity. Indeed, with our still great forests for a back-ground to our civilization, how could we appear otherwise than half-civilized? The fore-ground wants a little more varnish, you know, to bring it out, as painters say, before it can make much of a figure — some French polish, perhaps. Is not that the reason why Lord Clarendon proposes — with the help of his imperial Majesty over the Channel — to arrange our Western affairs of state when the Eastern question shall have been settled? Kind, isn't it? Tell me, dear Mrs. Bo, was it not the real cause of the exclusion of our minister at St. James' from Parliament on the occasion of the Queen's speech? You remember, my dear Madam, it was you yourself who characterized as 'flummery' the court style of our foreign ambassadors, long before the issue of the Secretary's circular. Simple black — I wear myself, for the most part — was justly said by Count Nesselrode

to be *our* court dress, and as such entitled to respect, and should have been so maintained by our representative at St. James', had he understood what is always due to one's self and country. I own I blushed a little myself when I read the paragraph relating to that self-inflicted indignity. After all, then,' mused I, 'it *is* Jocko, familiar with the saw-dust, tricked off in feathers and finery, and disporting himself as taught to do, and in constant dread of the ring-master's lash, whom we are to admire with the children; and not Jocko the free and fearless, who grimaces at the world at large from the tops of his native trees, uses his prehensile tail as Nature instructs him, to bridge over formidable torrents, and otherwise when and where he will, pulls from his neighbor's orchards the apples of the Hesperides to cram his individual pouch!'

'Bless my soul!' cried Mrs. Bobbinet on a sudden; she had been honoring me with profound attention, and had uttered 'poh! poh!' quite emphatically when the patronage of Lord Clarendon came to be named. 'Bless my soul! it's that jackanapes — yes, it must be my nephew, Van Trump! The mustache thing on his face and tomfoolery together, give him the air of a — a little Frenchman. I wonder if the scapegrace is coming to do his duty,' Mrs. Bo concluded, evidently divided between the wish then and there to take the youngster to her arms, and the equally strong desire to evince a just sense of that truant's misdeeds abroad.

'Why,' said I, in answer, 'he certainly does look foreign in his getting-up — more Frenchy than the Frenchman with whom he is standing, Fleur de Sillery, the exquisite and *attaché*; fine fellow, though, and quite a delightful companion Sillery is; rather frothy, but quite sparkling, especially at table. As for their coming this way, they cannot help themselves, you see.' And indeed while I was yet speaking the column of dancers bore down upon them in such manner as to drive them in, as it were, upon the outposts, and within arm's-reach of our position.

'My dear Van,' I whispered over his shoulder, 'here is your aunt dying to embrace you.'

'The devil! where?' Van returned unguardedly, and wheeling about, found himself face to face with Mrs. Bo, who, having overheard the exclamation, received his salutation following with a very dignified elevation of the chin.

'You little fool!' thought I, 'and your aunt worth a million and a half!'

Sillery was showing his teeth, too, apart; he has a rather unpleasant way of doing so, his teeth being unnaturally white and his mustache jet-black.

The event might have been awkward, but the redowa broke up just then. Van had the good sense or presence of mind to say something rapidly aside to Mrs. Bobbinet in the confusion, which caused the old lady to suspend the lecture I have no doubt she was meditating, and restored harmony.

Miss Angela, too, came up all flushed and panting, looking like a charming bacchante, but quite equal to the German cotillon.

‘How warm it is here, dear me!’ cried she, glancing out of the corners of her gipsy-like eyes, first at Van, who had been just presented, and was looking at her critically, I thought, and then at Fleur de Sil-lery, who was in the act of slipping away.

‘Oh! of courth — allow me,’ little Prunelle said, taking her fan and bestowing the better portion of its enjoyment upon himself — a usual trick of his — ‘number one, *firth*, you know,’ he would say aside with a grin.

Sillery came back. ‘What a vision of loveliness!’ he exclaimed in my ear; his English, by the way, is perfectly unexceptionable. ‘Ye gods! she is like a nymph in a Silenian *cortège*, and with a garland of ivy or vine leaves, and nude to the waist, would be irresistible. *Mon ami*, what name do you call her — not Ariadne, hey?’

‘I call her nothing; ask Mrs. Bobbinet, if you like,’ I returned rather coolly, not fancying his style of seeking an introduction; and went off, leaving the Frenchman stroking his mustache, and no doubt cursing my squeamishness.

END OF PART FIRST.

T H E W A Y F A R E R .

STROPHE: SLEEP.

PILGRIM weird who passest by
 With thy stern and steadfast eye!
 Day is dying in the west:
 On the Ocean’s placid breast
 Sinks the wearied Sun to rest —
 Sun of Ocean born!
 Thrush and linnet cease to sing,
 E’en the eagle droops his wing:
 Turn thee hither, for the night,
 Dreary, dark, forlorn,
 Gathers round thee, dims thy sight:
 Tarry thou till morn.

ANTISTROPHE: SOUL.

GRIEVE I much to say thee No!
 Yet the darkness unto me
 Shineth as the light.
 Tarry I cannot with thee;
 Though the eagle leave his flight,
 Onward, through the livelong night,
 I a-wayfaring go.

STROPHE: AGE.

PILGRIM weird, who passest by
With thy stern and steadfast eye!
Turn thee hither, for the gale
Bloweth keen and chill.
See! the brook is standing still,
Glad in coat of mail.
Pity I thy trembling form;
Breast the driving snow no more;
On my hearth-stone, bright and warm,
Hark! the fagots roar!

ANTISTROPHE: SOUL.

GRIEVE I much to say thee No!
Brook in icy garb be standing,
Wintry blasts, in fury banding,
Whirl the gentle snow!
Still my life-blood floweth warm;
While my garments round me quiver,
I myself do tremble never;
Onward, dauntless, through the snow,
I a-wayfaring go.

STROPHE: DEATH.

PILGRIM weird, who passest by
With thy stern and steadfast eye,
Turn thee hither, I implore thee!
For a river dark and wide,
In the chasm that yawns before thee,
Rolls a fearful tide.
No bridge doth span the torrent fell,
No boatman tends the shore;
Nor manhood's strength nor wizard's spell
Giveth thee passage o'er.

ANTISTROPHE: SOUL.

GRIEVE I much to say thee No!
Yet I must not, may not stay;
For my course is onward ever,
Over mountain, over river,
Winter, summer, night and day.
'T is this fluttering raiment only
'Neath the stream shall find a grave;
Onward I shall press, though lonely,
Treading lightly on the wave.
And, my robes again regaining,
On and on and on for ever,
With the dear God o'er me reigning,
I a-wayfaring go.

I N D I A N J U S T I C E .

BY 'UNCLE SAMUEL'S SERVANT.

THE Biblical law of 'blood for blood,' 'an eye for an eye,' is probably by no people more religiously observed than by the Indian tribes that roam over our vast Western prairies.

An instance of this came under my own observation while spending a few days among the lodges of the Pawnees, the best specimens of the wild Indians, and the most expert horse-thieves that are to be found, from the muddy waters of the Mississippi to the base of the Rocky Mountains. From time immemorial their hands have been imbrued in the blood of their neighbors, and the scalp-locks that grace their lodges and ornament their bows have been gathered from the banks of the Yellow-Stone; along the tributaries of the Mississippi; among the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains; on the green and flowery prairies south of the Arkansas; and beyond the winding Rio del Norte of Mexico. The natural consequence of such restlessness and warlike enterprises followed. As their spears were levelled against every body, so every hand was against them; and in the course of years they have melted away, and their name has ceased to be the word of terror that it formerly was. From being able to throw seven or eight thousand wild warriors in the field, as they could in years gone by, they can now muster scarcely as many hundreds. Still the same spirit animates them; and while year by year they are forced nearer the frontiers of civilization, in order to be under the protection of the white man, they present the same indomitable front, and offer the same bloody hand to their enemies. At the time when my duties called me among them, some four years ago, they occupied the south bank of the Nebraska, about a hundred miles from where it mingles its warm and muddy waters with those of the Missouri.

The Pawnees are divided into four bands, each band governed by a chief, and all united under the direction of a head chief, elected or appointed by the different bands. At the time referred to, a worthy old Indian, by the name of *Chef Malin*, wore the ermine and received the homage of his dusky subjects, while Si-re-cher-ish, the Bloody-Hand, a renowned warrior, held sway over the Republican Pawnees, the most numerous and powerful of the bands. The Ya-pá-ges, another of the bands, was governed by Is-te-tá-pa, the Rolling-Thunder, a young chief of great promise, an expert hunter, and a redoubtable warrior, which the numerous scalp-locks dangling from his belt fully indicated, and withal one of the most finished horse-thieves of that horse-stealing nation. Young Rolling-Thunder, after the fashion of his Biblical ancestors, or the 'Latter-day Saints,' took to himself several wives, one of whom was named La-lú-la, the young and favorite daughter of Si-re-cher-ish, the chief of the Republicans. This lady, like some of her

white sisters, was addicted to the too frequent use of her tongue, or, in other words, she was a scold, an acquirement to which she was indebted for the loss of her life, and I to the opportunity of witnessing the act of Indian justice which I set out to describe. From the moment that La-lú-la entered the lodge of Rolling-Thunder, peace and happiness took their departure. Was Is-te-ta-pa unsuccessful in the chase, she upbraided him for the want of skill; did he return from the war-path without the scalp-lock of his enemy hanging from the point of his long spear, she charged him with cowardice; in fine, there was nothing that Iste-ta-pa could do that could elicit an approving look or an encouraging word from his termagant spouse.

On one of these occasions, becoming more exasperated than usual at the stoical indifference of her husband, she seized a piece of wood and hurled it at his head. It was her last act, for quick as thought the outraged husband, who could submit to any indignity from his wife except a blow, sprang to his feet, the feathered arrow flew from his bow, and the spirit of La-lú-la was on its way to the paradise of the red man. Resuming his pipe and drawing his buffalo-robe around him, he awaited the result with apparent indifference. The news spread rapidly through the tribe, and crowds of dusky warriors soon gathered around the lodge of the murderer. A profound silence reigned in their midst; all knew the fate to which their beloved chief was doomed, but none dared to avert it. Presently a towering form was seen approaching, and as the throng gave way to the right and to the left, Si-re-cher-ish, the father of La-lú-la, passed sullenly and silently toward the lodge of the Rolling-Thunder.

Throwing back the skin which concealed the entrance, he placed himself beside the body of his daughter; not a tear moistened his eye; not a paternal feeling showed itself on his rigid features. Is-te-ta-pa, calmly smoking, and seated in the middle of his lodge, knew that his time was come; he felt that he was about to start on the trail to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers; but he made no appeals for mercy, no efforts to escape. Si-re-cher-ish paused but for a moment, when drawing his bow to its full extent, an arrow sprang from it with the velocity of light, passed through the body of his son-in-law, and buried itself in the ground beyond. The hand which held the pipe sank quietly to his side, but not a muscle of his face moved. Sternly gazing on his enemy, he sat motionless as a statue. Si-re-cher-ish, to complete his work, snatched his tomahawk from his belt, and buried the glittering blade in the unprotected head of his victim. Gazing for an instant on the now prostrate form, and then drawing his robe around him, he stalked proudly away and joined his followers, who were collected together at no great distance. Iste-ta-pa was not dead, but his wounds were mortal; and as he was stretched upon the ground, his braves crowded around him, and deep and fierce murmurs of revenge broke from them. Grasping their knives and tomahawks, and scowling upon the band of Si-re-cher-ish, they only awaited the word to throw themselves upon them, and avenge the death of their chief.

At this moment they were arrested by the faint voice of Is-te-ta-pa, who, calling his chief men about him, desired that they would restrain

their feelings, and not bring ruin on the nation, for his fate was a just one, and that he had brought it upon himself. 'Si-re-cher-ish has not killed me; he does not send me to the happy hunting-grounds; I send myself.' Asking for his rifle, he placed the muzzle to his head, and as the sharp, quick report rang out over the waters of the Nebraska, the soul of Is-te-ta-pa took its flight to HIM who gave it. Thus died one of the bravest and noblest of the wild warriors of the great Western prairies. By terminating his own life, he allayed the fierce passions that were ready to burst forth, preserving thereby peace and harmony in his tribe; and the Yapage and Republican now pursue the buffalo side by side, or together follow the trail of their enemy, as in times of yore.

T H E R A I N .

I.

It comes! it comes! the beautiful rain,
And the panting fields no more complain;
The thirsty ground with right good-will
Of the crystal drops is quaffing its fill;
And the chary clouds are shy no more,
But wide-armed sprinkle their jewelled store;
Old mother Earth is glad again.
Down, down it comes — the beautiful rain!

II.

It comes! it comes! and the dust-clad trees
Fling wide their arms to the welcome breeze:
It cheerily tinkles down the spout,
And with merry laugh comes leaping out;
And bare-headed boys are under the eaves,
And birds are drinking from off the leaves;
And the farmer forsakes his loaded wain,
To sit and watch the beautiful rain!

III.

It comes! it comes! and the pining flower
Unfolds its leaves to the welcome shower.
It comes, and the swallow bathes his wing:
How glad he is to twitter and sing!
And he chatters away to his little ones four,
And tells them to look and see it pour;
And they sit and chatter in turn, and fain
Would try their wing in the beautiful rain.

IV.

It comes! it comes! in gladsome glee,
Emblem of truth and purity.
It comes! it comes! with its pattering feet,
And treadeth down the dusty street.
It comes! it comes! all rainbow-laden,
To gladden the heart of youth and maiden.
Ring out the joyous shout again,
All praise to HIM for the beautiful rain!

CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

FIFTY YEARS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES: OR, Reminiscences of the Life of a former Merchant.
By VINCENT NOLTE, late of New-Orleans. Translated from the German. In one volume: pp. 384. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

'THEY say,' in New-Orleans, that this is by no means to be considered an authentic book; that the writer has been influenced in many instances in the statements which he has put forth as veritable, by personal malice; that therefore his revelations are not reliable, and his various anecdotes of public men, especially in Louisiana, have but small foundation in truth. We are sorry to hear this, for we read his book from beginning to end with very great interest. The *appearance* of candor, or tell-the-whole-truthfulness of the book struck us as remarkable. Hit or miss, it seemed to us as if the writer was jotting down every thing which had reference to the immediate topic which he had in hand. One thing is quite certain, the book is an exceedingly readable one; and if it is scandal that makes it piquant, the probability is that its sale will rather be increased than lessened by that circumstance. 'Such is human nature,' unfortunately. Your sharp financiers, such as VINCENT NOLTE proved himself to be, will generally be found, in his old age, to have laid by a store of reminiscence that could scarcely fail to be attractive; and in his case, the era in which he lived, and the interests with which his own conflicted, or were in unison, add to the excitement which his narrative occasions. It is well and forcibly remarked by '*The Churchman*,' religious journal, that 'the busy head of the great commercial speculator teems with the wants and necessities of all nations and races. There is not a force in political government or social movement which he must not take into his account. There is not a current on the ocean or in the air, a river penetrating the land or a mountain interposing a barrier, which he can afford to be ignorant of. The whole range of physical geography must be known to him; every item of scientific inquiry; and the more complex moral relations of men in states and society. The winds are his trade-winds, the ocean channels are his high-roads, which he must hit with accuracy or lose the profit of his adventure; he must watch for the unknown forces which lie hid in air and water, the secret recesses of nature, and the capabilities of art, ready to supersede his model ship, his steam-engine, or his railway. He

must weigh the counsels of kings and emperors, and be cognizant of the whims and frivolities of their subjects; for fashion is no unimportant moving power in his enterprises. Though the great financier whom we are describing is not necessarily a merchant, his operations are, as it were, the quintessence of the pursuits of the whole mercantile world. When we look at the contingencies and vicissitudes to which his most prudent calculations are exposed, as in the outbreak of an earthquake, or a revolution destroying a city or a government, a declaration of war, or a higher edict of famine or pestilence, the transfer of trade by conquest or discovery, or a new invention, it must be admitted that the lives of these great commercial regulators are at least as full of adventure as the intriguers and desperadoes to whom we commonly assign that sort of attraction.'

We present a couple of extracts, made to our hand by the excellent journal from which we have quoted, for the reason that our own copy of the book, after perusal, was 'conveyed' away by some good-natured friend, and it has not yet reappeared upon our sanctum-table. In the year 1796, when our author (seventy-four years of age when he writes, looking back upon the past) was a young clerk in a counting-house at Leghorn, he saw NAPOLEON for the first time, whom he thus describes:

'I WANTED to see the young hero, the man of the day, who, although not yet twenty-eight years of age, had made such havoc among the gray-beard commanders of the Austrian army, and could not make up my mind to stay nailed to my desk, copying news concerning oil, soap, and Spanish liquorice, while this human phenomenon was to be seen in the near vicinity; for I have already stated that the grand ducal palace in which he quartered was separated from our establishment only by the mayoralty, the *Palazzo della comunità*. So, I managed to slip out of the house by stealth, and to advance a few steps to the corner of the street whose entrance is formed by the two palaces. Here a coach was in attendance for the French commander, and I stood by, waiting until he should come out. At length he appeared, surrounded by a number of officers. I saw before me a diminutive, youthful-looking man, in simple uniform; his complexion was pallid and of almost yellowish hue, and long, sleek, jet-black hair, like that of the *Talapouche* Indians of Florida, hung down over both ears. This was the victor of Arcola! While he was taking his place on the right-hand seat in the carriage and waiting for his adjutant, I had a moment's opportunity to examine him with attention: around his mouth played a constant smile, with which the rest of mankind had, evidently, nothing to do; for the cold, unsympathizing glance that looked out of his eyes showed that the mind was busied elsewhere. Never did I see such a look! It was the dull gaze of a mummy, only that a certain ray of intelligence revealed the inner soul, yet gave but a feeble reflection of its light. MACBETH's words to the ghost of BANQUO would almost have applied here: 'there is no speculation in those eyes,' had not what was already recorded, and what afterward transpired, unmistakably shown the soul that burned behind that dull gaze.'

The writer's onward history and his personal character are briefly characterized in the annexed sentences: 'He made his way upward, by his spirit and energy, to the confidence of the house of HOPE AND COMPANY, of Amsterdam, and was sent by them, in 1805, to America, to negotiate a system of trade by which the silver accumulated in Mexico should be transferred to Europe. For this purpose he established himself at New-Orleans, where he received the European consignments sent by them to Vera Cruz, and received the specie in return; enjoying a monopoly of the business for his employers in Europe—who were to be traced back to royal parties in Spain and France—by the licenses for the trade with her colonies which he held from the Spanish government. This was an enormous business, which brought him into a position of great importance, and the details of which

introduce us to some of the chief financial men on the continent, of his time.' He is remarkable for an 'instinct of adventure.' 'He is always present on great emergencies. He is ship-wrecked on the Atlantic and narrowly escapes with his life; he has a leg and arm broken by being thrown from his carriage and his horse; he is acclimated by the yellow fever and two or three duels at New-Orleans; he is violently rocked in a flat-boat by an earthquake on the Mississippi; he is a soldier in the conflict at the battle of New-Orleans; the chum of LAFAYETTE in his Southern travels; beside a hundred adventures which belong to the curiosities of experience of a gentleman and financier. He was a bold, self-reliant speculator, fond of pleasure and excitement, courageous and generous, and withal an accomplished man in the arts and literature, with an inquisitive love of character, always ready to study men and manners, in the back-woods of America, or in the profligate civilization of Paris.' We close our meagre and insufficient notice of this various, 'matter-full' volume with the subjoined anecdote of our late fellow-citizen, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, which will not be regarded as fabulous, we fancy, by any reader who may have known the subject of the story:

'He was compelled by a physical infirmity to repair to Paris, where he could avail himself of the skillful assistance of Baron DUPUYTREN. The latter thoroughly restored him, and advised him to ride out every day. He frequently took occasion himself to accompany his patient on these rides. One day—and this anecdote I have from the Baron's own mouth—when riding, he appeared by no means disposed to converse; not a word could be got out of him; and at length DUPUYTREN declared that he must be suffering from some secret pain or trouble, when he would not speak. He pressed him, and worried him, until finally Astor loosed his tongue. 'Look ye, Baron!' he said, 'how frightful this is! I have here, in the hands of my banker at Paris, about two million francs, and cannot manage without great effort to get more than two and a half per cent per annum on it. Now, this very day I have received a letter from my son in New-York, informing me that there the best acceptances are at from one and a half to two per cent per month. Is it not enough to enrage a man?'

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. By the late JOHN WILSON: Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Editor of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, Author of 'The Isle of Palms,' etc.; and WILLIAM MAGINN, J. G. LOCKHART, JAMES HOGG, etc. With Memoirs and Notes by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L., Editor of 'SHEL'S Sketches of the Irish Bar.' In five volumes: pp. 2300. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

WE do not greatly affect the exclamatory style of expression; but we cannot at this present avoid saying: 'What a fund of varied reading is here!—how appreciative and profound in criticism!—how abundant in wit! how teeming with knowledge!—how trenchant in satire!—how replete with humor!—how touching in natural pathos!—what observation of Nature, in all its varied forms and phases!—what admiration of all manly sports!—what love of all that is lovely and lovable in woman and in man!' Do not count this extravagant praise. Take up these volumes at intervals—for that is the true way to read them—and no reader will fail to find some one of the characteristics we have indicated abundantly displayed; sometimes, too, grotesquely or amusingly alternated. But the fame of the 'Noctes' is world-wide, and small need is there that we should enlarge upon their merits. It requires only that we should call especial attention to the excellent manner

in which the volumes have been collated and edited by Dr. MACKENZIE. He has given us a complete edition of the 'Noctes,' with numerous notes and illustrations necessary to a true understanding of the allusions with which the work is crowded, and the personal satire which it contains. A literary life, the greater part of which was passed in England and Scotland, gave the editor a familiar acquaintance with most of the individuals and events treated of in the volumes, and well qualified him for the task of which he has acquitted himself with such marked ability. Speaking of this feature of the work, a contemporary very justly remarks: 'We may notice this edition of the 'Noctes' as in reality an original work. No small portion of its pages is from the pen of the erudite editor. Such a fund of anecdote, reminiscence, and personal characterization as he has interwoven with the text is rarely put in print. Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE is most singularly qualified for his task. Whatever may be thought of the claims of modern prophets in general, he is unmistakably a man with a mission. He was born to complete the work which BOSWELL left unfinished. His head teems with gossip about British literary men of this century; his portfolio still more so. He is a living biographical dictionary. The patience with which he collects the most minute facts in regard to the subjects of his pen is astounding, frightful, incredible. He throws off the complicated details of genealogy, personal relations, bibliographical history, with as much ease as if they were the jokes of a club-room. He shows no traces of weariness with his work. His vigilance is perpetual. Our reminiscent HOMER never nods. Not a suggestive name, or incident, or remark escapes his sleepless eye. And his notes and illustrations are as interesting as they are copious. They furnish important materials for the literary history of the age, and are not surpassed for their fascinating qualities as 'light reading' for a summer afternoon. Even without reference to the delightful 'Noctes,' the present work, accordingly, deserves a high place among the current popular volumes of amusement and instruction.' In addition to the extensive body of notes with which Dr. MACKENZIE has illustrated this edition, he has given a curious account of the origin and progress of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, and carefully-prepared memoirs of WILSON, LOCKHART, HOGG, and MAGINN, the bibulous quaternion to whom the concoction of the 'Noctes' has usually been ascribed. The celebrated *Chaldee Manuscript*, which on its first appearance in *Blackwood* made Edinburgh too hot to hold the publisher, and was at once suppressed, is here reproduced in its complete original form. Both on account of its peculiar character and its desperate scarcity, this relentless, audacious satire may be reckoned among the genuine curiosities of literature. *Propos* of the 'Chaldee Manuscript:' some nine or ten years ago a correspondent, originally from 'Auld Reekie,' served up in these pages a '*Chaldee Chronicle of Gotham*,' describing a club of gentlemen who were accustomed to dine together once a week in an 'upper chamber' of WINDUST'S restaurant, which we think Dr. MACKENZIE will admit falls little short of the original 'Manuscript' which created such an excitement in Edinburgh. As we have thousands of readers now who were not then upon our books, we venture to reprint the 'Chronicle' in this

place. Our old friends, Recorder TALLMADGE, Professor MAPES, the 'Laird o' Wallabout,' and the learned 'scribe with a countenance like unto the sun,' will at least smile to see our weekly club renewed again in print:

AND there dwelt in the city of Gotham a man whose habitation was in a cavern, in which were many mansions, and whose name was like unto the storms of heaven.

2 For the name of this man was as the Wind that bloweth where it listeth, and as the dust of the earth.

3 ¶ And he dealt in the good things of this life: 4 And strong drink.

5 And in the cavern of this man was an upper chamber, in which much people did congregate.

6 And they did eat, drink, and were merry; for they wist not that it was wrong temperately to enjoy the 'kindly fruits of the earth,' and the wine of the vineyards thereof.

7 And the chief of these men sat in high places; yet nevertheless he cast off his robes, and became as one of the people; yea, and he was comely to look upon.

8 And this man was fair of speech, and in his tongue was the law of kindness.

9 And the widows and the virgins, yea, even the married women of the city of Gotham, worshipped him:

10 And worshipped he them.

11 And after him there came to the mansion of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, a citizen of short stature, and whose countenance was like unto the cherubim and the seraphim, whose heads are engrafted on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

12 But he preached unto the multitude in an unknown tongue:

13 Because they did not understand the wisdom of the words which he uttered.

14 Howbeit, when he asked of them concerning their understanding of the words which he preached, they answered and said unto him, 'Yea, verily, we do understand the wisdom of thy words.'

15 But they lied in their throats.

16 Nevertheless this man was upright in the face of the LORD, and he remembered the widow and the fatherless, and forgot them not.

CHAP. II.

AND one of the people which did congregate in the cavern of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, dwelt afar off, even beyond the river of Jordan.

2 And there was a Wall-about his dwelling, and he wore a coat of many colors.

3 Nevertheless this man dispensed his substance with a free hand and a bountiful, to all who entered his gates:

4 And the LORD prospered him, for he loved his fellow-men.

5 But he wrangled with the man whose face was like unto the cherubim on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

6 And after they had disputed for a long space, the one said, 'I have conquered.'

7 ¶ But the other answered and said, 'Lo! I have conquered thee this day.'

8 Nevertheless they remained steadfast in their friendship, and they did eat and drink together as before.

9 And the words which they uttered passed for naught.

10 And yet another man came into the upper chamber, who was well-favored.

11 And all the men of Gotham, yea, and likewise the women thereof, turned their hearts toward him; for he also was fair to look upon.

12 And this man delivered unto the people from time to time, even once every full moon, a book of surpassing wisdom.

13 For in it was engraven the wisdom of the wise in all the region round about.

14 And the name of this book was like unto the Great Enemy's, and the color of the covering thereof was as the firmament of heaven.

15 And the young men and maidens of Gotham yearned for the book, for great was their admiration thereof.

CHAP. III.

AND it came to pass that while these men were making merry in an upper chamber, there came a sound like unto the sound of an horseman horsing upon his horse.

2 And there appeared in their midst a scribe, of a countenance like unto the sun in the brightness of his rising, and of much learning in the law.

3 And when he looked around, and saw the loaves, and the fishes, and the fowls of the air spread before him, and likewise the hidden treasures of the sand, he pronounced them good.

4 Because he was an hungered or athirst continually, and greatly coveted the companionship of his brother-scribes.

5 Howbeit, he was a friend to the poor, and to him that cried in the highways of the city.

6 Moreover, when even was come, he played a strain upon a wind-instrument.

7 Now it came to pass that when the man who was a scribe, and a man of much learning in the law, beheld the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the hidden treasures of the sand, he did laugh in his heart.

8 ¶ But when the men asked of him concerning his mirth, he answered and said unto them, 'Yea, verily, I cannot answer.'

9 And the man whose countenance was like unto the cherubim took from under his girdle a box of curious workmanship, inlaid with gold, made by the hands of a cunning artificer.

10 And when he had opened the box, he took therefrom a weed of strong flavor, which he put into his mouth, and did chew it even as the ox cheweth his cud.

11 And he returned the box of curious workmanship back to the place whence it came.

12 And after the men had partaken of the feast, they left the cavern, and the mansions thereof, and went on their way rejoicing.

The volumes, which are well executed typographically, contain portraits of WILSON, (an almost perfect 'counterfeit presentment' of Mr. VALENTINE, clerk of the Common Council,) of the Ettrick Shepherd, Dr. MAGINN, and LOCKHART. The latter answers WILLIS's description exactly: 'His mouth indicates a constant attempt to *whistle*.'

FASHION AND FAMINE. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. In one volume: pp. 426. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER.

THIS volume has met with remarkable favor at the hands of the American public, having already passed through several large editions. It is conceded by the general press to be a work of much power, and one that reflects great credit upon the author. Our copy was sent, before we had leisure even to glance over its pages, to a friend who was slowly recovering from a nervous fever; and so exciting were its scenes that he was compelled to forego its perusal until his health was restored. Since that period the work has gone the rounds of a large family, who are loud in its commendation, and still we miss it from the sanctum-table. The '*Times*' daily journal remarks of it:

'We have read this novel through: we began it from a sense of duty, read it from a sense of pleasure, and finished it because we could not help it without violating the dictates of curiosity, not always so commanding. The characters most of them are well drawn. JACOB STRONG, the market-woman, and the old man are most sharply marked; the little girl, the lad she marries, and ADA LEICESTER least so. JACOB is a character, but we never have met his counterpart in real life. We suspect it would be hard to find him. The market-woman we know very well: we have had our poultry of her and our sausages for ten years. She makes the sausages herself: it is not every body's you would trust. The scenes that show the nicest workmanship are the starvation and the prison scenes, in both of which the two old people are the actors. How sharp hunger can for a moment hide the ties of love that has lived for scores of years, and how, again, the agony for the life of a husband can quicken the memory to the perception of past events that were never witnessed, are here finely exhibited. The moral of the tale is good. No one will be the worse for reading it, and on those who are not the readers of too many novels it will make a lasting and a good impression.'

HILLS, LAKES, AND FOREST-STREAMS: OR, A TRAMP IN THE CHATEAUGEAY WOODS. By S. H. HAMMOND. In one volume: pp. 340. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

How easily you can tell a genuine lover of Nature! Take a half-and-half sentimental city-bred young gentleman and transport him into some primeval wilderness, where the scent of cedars, the fragrance of birch, the glance of running waters, and the shimmering of sun-light through dense foliage upon the cool mossy ground shall 'attract his notice,' and ten to one he will pump up a ghost of emotion and pronounce it 'Be-yew-tiful!' — but he will tire of it in half an hour, and his pseudo-enthusiasm will ooze away with the velocity of BOB ACRES' courage. The author of this volume is a man of a different stamp. His *heart* is in the woods, and he *loves* to be alone with God upon the mountains. His admiration lasts all the afternoon, and over night. Even while

— 'SLEEP his eye-lids fills,
His spirit seems to walk abroad
Among the mighty hills.'

The work under notice consists of a series of letters originally penned for the *Albany State Register*, a journal of established character and influence. Their unpremeditatedness is a very great charm. They evidently 'sprung

from the occasion,' and were not an after-thought. They present a varying and very graphic picture of the author's 'tramp' through the northern counties of our glorious 'Empire State,' and contain adventures with dog, rod, and gun, that must make it a very desirable book for the sportsman. 'The writer is an enthusiastic lover of these manly sports, and is a philosopher and moralist withal, who intersperses his narrative with reflections that are replete with interest for the general reader.' We like a good fisherman. We scarcely ever knew a good fisherman who was not a 'good fellow.' There is something in the 'gentle craft' that knits mutual lovers of it in bonds of close communion. IZAAK WALTON was a 'good man, and a pious;' but he tells us, that of all the Apostles he esteemed PETER the highest, because he was a good fisherman.

A JOURNEY TO CENTRAL AFRICA; or, Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile. By BAYARD TAYLOR, Author of 'Views Afloat,' 'Eldorado,' etc. In one volume: pp. 500. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

HERE is a volume (with elegant tinted plates and engravings on wood) which will go far to increase the already widely-extended and enviable reputation of the author. A considerable portion of the work is now published for the first time: the remainder has appeared from time to time in the form of letters, in the columns of the *Tribune* daily journal, whence they have been widely copied in extracts, and elicited deserved praise. BAYARD TAYLOR is a born traveller. Annoyances do not vex him, nor stay him in his course. Over burning sands, across deserts, voyaging on ancient rivers, ascending mountains, he is the same imperturbable 'go-ahead' adventurer; and always with an eye to see and a hand to record all that is of interest in his track. To one preëminent merit of Mr. TAYLOR we can abundantly testify. You may rely with as much certainty upon the perfect accuracy of his sketches as you can upon scenes taken by a daguerreotype. We once travelled side by side with our author in a rail-car for some three hundred miles, through an exceedingly picturesque and diversified region. Without taking a note, or, so far as we could see, a memorandum of any description, Mr. TAYLOR re-produced the next day, in the journal with which he was connected, a moving panorama, as it were, of all that he had witnessed which was worth remembering and recording. It is for this reason, among others, that Mr. TAYLOR is so much admired as a traveller. We feel absolutely *certain* that his are no mere 'traveller's stories,' and that, whether he describes men, manners, or scenery, or gives vent to his own emotions, you have the true thoughts and observation of a sensible, conscientious man. We commend his volume to the cordial favor of the public. We know of no similar work into which so much and such varied information has been crowded, touching countries and peoples seldom treated of, and never with the fullness of detail which is here presented. The book is well executed, upon good paper, and embellished with a very faithful portrait of the author in oriental costume.

SPENSER AND THE FAIRY QUEEN. By JOHN S. HART, LL.D. In one volume. Philadelphia: HAYES AND ZELL.

THE elements of success in the United States are so great and diversified that 'while there is life there is hope,' and thousands who attained their majority without the benefit of a classical education, are daily finding themselves in a condition to devote more attention to self-culture. In the old world, the sons of mechanics and tradesmen are considered as extremely fortunate if they rise to the rank of the *successful* in their father's calling, while here the very reverse is the expectation. 'Excelsior' is the national motto, and every generation fails in its aim if it has not planted the family standard on a higher platform. And the ambition is well founded, since, in the absence of any legalized or arbitrary standard of distinction, the field of preferment is open to all, and success waits upon native ability and energy. It would be an easy task to show that very many of our greatest men have been self-made — a term sometimes implying the want of a classical education, but always significant of strong intellect and force of character.

To such men, and especially to those who find it next to impossible to keep up with the current literature of the day, this book supplies a great desideratum. We cannot imagine a more agreeable or appropriate method of introducing Professor HART to the general reader than by allowing him to reappear in his modest and unassuming prefatory introduction:

'THE present Essay is an attempt to reproduce, under modern forms, some of those agreeable ideas which instructed and entertained a former generation. SPENSER was once regarded as one of the great store-houses of moral and intellectual truth. But the fashion of literature changes, and the Fairy Queen has now become not unlike a half-decayed and unfrequented cathedral of the olden time. The object of the Essayist is to remove something of the repulsive gloom that has gathered around this venerable pile, to brush away a portion of the dust and cobwebs, and to throw once more the cheerful light of heaven upon its untold splendors; in short, to make this famous shrine, if possible, once more a favorite resort, not merely for the lovers of the antique and the curious, but for all the genuine votaries of truth and goodness.'

Leaving the many classical beauties of SPENSER to be pointed out by other admirers, we choose rather to make use of our author's essay to impress upon the minds of the present generation the utility and practicability of the lessons taught in the original; and here it may be remarked that we should travel back to lessons of purity, taught in all their intrinsic beauty and truth at that early day, and hold them up for public admiration with profound delight. That SPENSER should have been so preëminently pure is the brightest gem in his dazzling coronet. While there are gems in very many of the old writers which have become, as it were, 'household gods' in literature, which we should see forgotten with unfeigned regret, the whole world is directly interested in the preservation and familiarization of the writings of one so eminently chaste in his precepts as SPENSER. As a moral teacher in the *most attractive form*, the benefits to be derived from his modernized works are incalculable. Many of the subjects have a direct bearing upon some of the leading reforms now agitated. Every advocate of temperance should be familiar with the adventures of Sir GUYON, of which our author makes a most

happy and elaborate production, winding up with the following graphic summary :

‘Such is the legend of Sir GUYON, or of temperance. Well hath he approved himself a worthy knight—one in whom the appetites, the passions, and the affections are all brought into subjection to reason—who pursues the even tenor of his way, unseduced by pleasure, unmoved by rage, unbought by gain—in whom temperance is not tameness, nor composure death—whose life is labor, whose end is glory, whose guide is reason, whose means are truth—and, finally, who gets an easy victory over others, because he has first mastered himself.’

Our author's wonderful power of analysis is exhibited in a whole range of characters, such as BELPHEBE, AMORET, SCUDAMOUR, RADIGUND, MIRABEL, PASTOREL, etc., etc., which, beside showing his entire knowledge and appreciation of SPENSER, evidences an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. We should like to quote them all, but have only room for BELPHEBE and AMORET :

‘BELPHEBE is SPENSER's idea of absolute virginity—of a being possessing all womanly perfections, except that which is most characteristic—having all the grace and delicacy of her sex, without its dependence—not like BARROMART, unloving because she has not seen the right one, or not appearing to others to love because she successfully conceals her feelings: but one who can pity the misfortunes or admire the noble qualities of a man as she would those of a woman; who does not love, because in the composition of her heart there is no mixture of that subtle element on which love feeds; whose want of love is not want of feeling, nor the result of disappointment, much less of chagrin; who can sympathize with the pains and alleviate the distresses of a wounded squire, as she would those of a younger brother; in whose bosom there is no latent, undeveloped want; to whose eyes the magic mirror of MERLIN would reveal only a group of sisterly nymphs, a medicinal herb, or a wounded deer; in whose tender and graceful stalk (to vary yet once more the expression) neither the germ has been retarded by late spring, nor the bud blasted by untimely frost, nor the flower already faded and fallen, but its sap, by native constitution, contains only that element which produces branches and leaves—a plant, flowerless indeed, but graceful, unchanging, perennial, green.

‘BELPHEBE is not a perfect woman. Her imperfection, however, is of a kind which makes her more admirable though less interesting. In proportion as she is less womanly, she is more angelic.

‘SPENSER's devout loyalty to his sovereign, the Virgin Queen, as well as the native bent of his mind, led him to admire beyond bounds such a character as this. He has lavished upon it the riches of his genius with a most profuse and hearty liberality. The birth of BELPHEBE is one of his master-pieces. He describes this event, in the first place, in a few general terms, which seem to be a sort of ottar of roses, the very quintessence of poetry:

‘HER birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew,
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.’

‘BELPHEBE had a twin sister, AMORET. The babes had been stolen from their sleeping mother on the day of their birth by two of the goddesses, and educated separately, according to the tastes of their foster-parents. DIANA or PHOEBE, the Virgin Goddess, the alma mater of one, made her, as we have just seen her, the peerless virgin BELPHEBE. VENUS, Goddess of Love, took the other babe, the infant AMORET, to the gardens of ADONIS, and caused her to be trained in all the arts and mysteries of perfect womanhood.

‘By the AMORET of SPENSER we are to understand one whose perfections and imperfections are the counterpart of her sister's; who is both less angelic and more womanly; who is made to love and to be loved; who finds not only her happiness, but her honor and her perfection, in a feeling of dependence upon another; the rays of whose beauty diffuse warmth as well as light; whose delicacy is not the angular and facial exactness of the diamond, hard, bright, and cutting, but the soft repose of a sunbeam upon a bank of violets; whose love is not the playful and sparkling *jet d'eau* of the wild FLORIMEL, nor the deep concealed fountain of the haughty BRITOMART, but a full, broad, generous stream of affection, through which pours every energy of her soul. AMORET is a being too earnest to be coy, too confiding to be jealous. She bestows her love, not as a boon

to another, but as a necessary gratification to herself. Her love is twice blessed. It blesseth her that gives, and him that takes. Her repose is not inward and within herself, but outward upon another. She experiences a high gratification in knowing that she is loved, but a still higher one in loving. There is in her love a fullness, strength, bounty, simplicity, and entireness, to which one of the very best historical parallels is to be found in the heart of SPENSER himself, as poured forth in the Sonnets and the Epithalamium.

SHAKESPEARE SAYS :

'SWEET are the uses of adversity ;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

We are under the impression that the sermon preached to slanderers is worth many times the cost of the book. Why SPENSER was so ungallant as to select a daughter of mother EVE to represent the character of Slander, is no part of our province to inquire. Nor do we think our author open to censure for not taking up her defence. As a faithful interpreter, he must stick to the text, and should any of the fair sex who feel the slightest *penchant* to indulge in that vicious amusement be willing to take the following '*healing*' unction to their souls, we think they will find their account in it. At all events we feel it our duty to thank the author for the forcible manner in which he has unmasked the monster :

'THE Prince and the two beautiful ladies spend the night at the hut of this miserable old woman. Passing forward on their journey in the morning, she follows them with foul aspersions and reproaches. While the generous reader is filled with pity for the sorrowful dames, and admiration for the heroic prince, this vile woman sees in their condition nothing but grounds for doubt and foul surmise, and entertains for them no feelings but those of the basest suspicion. So true it is that

"THEY who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin ;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win ;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.'*

'The bee sucks its honey from the same plant which the viper turns into venom. In moral as in material vision, the color of objects depends far more upon the organ of vision and the intervening medium than upon any thing inherent in the objects themselves. I have no sort of respect for that *species of talent* which bases its reputation entirely upon the ability to find fault. To discover and appreciate what is good, is a far more difficult task than to detect what is evil. The two states of mind differ, as wisdom differs from cunning. The one sees only evil: the other sees both evil and good. The man who would be thought to possess a profound insight into human nature, because he can suggest a base motive for every appearance of goodness, draws not only his premises from a bad heart, but his logic from a narrow head. The charity which 'hopeth all things,' and which finds something good in all things, is not a surer index of moral than of intellectual greatness. In woman, especially, the disposition to see only the dark shades in the picture of human character, is odious in the extreme, and is fitly represented by the foul old woman already in part described. *Nothing is all dark.* There cannot be a picture without its bright spots; and the steady contemplation of what is bright in others, has a reflex influence upon the beholder. It reproduces what it reflects. Nay, it seems to leave an impress even upon the countenance. The features, from having a dark and sinister aspect, become open, serene, and sunny. A countenance so impressed has neither the vacant stare of the idiot, nor the crafty, penetrating look of the basilisk, but the clear, placid aspect of truth and goodness. The woman who has such a face is beautiful. She has a beauty which varies not with the features, which changes not with years. It is beauty of expression. *It is the only kind of beauty which can be relied upon for a permanent influence with the other sex.*

* Mrs. NORTON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'PERISCOPICS:' BY DR. ELDER. — Our friend and correspondent, 'RALPH ROANOKE,' who is not only a reliable judge of good writing, but a most acceptable writer himself, sends us the following desultory epistle touching a volume which we have not as yet encountered. If we have occasion again to advert to the neglect of the publishers, we shall be convinced that the demand for the book exceeds their ability to supply it:

'MY DEAR KNICK: If I could persuade you to ignore the harness for a day with 'Periscopics,' by a kindred spirit, I feel assured you would acknowledge an oasis in the wearing turmoil of managing 'Old KNICK' in the dog-days.

'When I was a little boy out in the far West, I often tore my 'unmentionables' in scrambling up the sides of the court-house to secure a 'squatter location' on a window-sill to see a fight between two great lawyers who were loudly abusing each other. But I was always disappointed. They did n't fight. They only walked arm-in-arm away, after the case was given to the jury, like a couple of pick-pockets who were going to divide their spoil, leaving each anxious client looking as wolfish as if he had been 'sold,' and the unsophisticated, honest boys bewildered and indignant at the brace of cowardly shams.

'When I grew older and began to travel about, I never boarded a steam-boat without the anxious desire of finding some of our 'big folks' on their way to Congress, that I might sit down quietly and drink in the words of wisdom as they fell from their inspired lips. But here again another disappointment awaited me. They were only fluent in stale jokes and tobacco-juice.

'Still later in life, when kind friends and good fortune threw me into the company of some of the literary lions of the hour, hope sprung up afresh at the prospect of enjoying in *propria personae* one of those delightfully *abandon* sociables we read of in the lives of such men as GOLDSMITH, BURKE, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, GARRICK, and JOHNSON, (with a 'chiel behind him takin' notes;') or at a later period, in our own good city of brotherly-love, when old Doctor WISTAR was wont to collect about him those genial spirits of the last century. But it was all a mistake. The lions would n't roar. They were only good at eating and drinking. The fountains from which their great thoughts emanated were too shallow to undergo the wear and tear of the social board. Their stock in trade consisted of the mea-

gre extracts which could be pumped up under a heavy pressure, and these were wanted for publication.

'Perhaps you will ask, What has all this to do with *'Periscopies?'* I will answer your question Yankee-fashion, by asking another. Have you read the preface? If you have not you will find the author tells you that *'WEBSTER* defines the word *Periscopic*, 'A viewing on all sides, etc.' However, don't be impatient; for I am now about to tell you what it has to do with it. I have been a frequenter of public demonstrations, political, literary, and religious, and Doctor ELDER is one of the few roaring lions who have never disappointed me. For originality and freshness, for wit and sentiment, for length, breadth, depth, and height of reach, if he has any superiors among us they are holding back for future demonstration.

'*'Periscopies'* was lying on my table, when a country friend came in and picked it up, saying, '*'Periscopies,*' by ELDER! what ELDER? I wonder if it can be the ELDER I once heard make a speech in his shirt-sleeves out in Western Pennsylvania?'

'I would n't be surprised if it was, my friend,' I replied; 'he is a real democrat, and would never swelter in his coat if it was too hot to wear it. Beside, jump him up when you will, and you'll find him a 'full team' at any thing. But just open the book any where, and if it is him it will stick out in the first sentence.'

'My friend's eye fell upon the following passage from *'A Character:'*

'*'GENERAL OGLE* was not one of a litter. He was made on purpose, and his kind was complete in him. He was of that breed which leaves no heirs and needs no successors. Out of time and place he would himself have been only an oddity, or perhaps a monster; but in his actual surroundings of men and things there was the happiest possible fitness of relations, and every thing in him, accordingly, had its full force and virtue.'

'This was quite enough, and tossing back his head a shade beyond the perpendicular, he said:

'*'Percisely; where can I find the book?'*

'Being a man of a quick perception of what is original, and a fine appreciation of what is good, I'll venture he'll not be at home to any loafer, or 'douse the glim' at night, until he has made a string of the pearls which are strewn with such a lavish hand throughout the book.

'The departure of my friend threw me into a reverie running somewhat after this fashion:

'Every man should be practical in his friendships. Whoever brings people together who are in search of each other to do each other good, is a benefactor. It won't be a bad idea to leave *'Periscopies'* on my table. Every fellow who comes in will pick it up, and if he has a vital spark in him it will ignite as soon as he opens it. If he reads a chapter he will buy the book, and thus both parties will be benefitted. One volume has sold already. Suppose I try what a day may bring forth.'

'Here my reverie was broken by the entrance of a valued friend, whose rueful countenance proclaimed him a victim to that dreadful epidemic which is daily attacking the commercial community between the hours of nine A.M. and three P.M., with a violence unknown to the 'oldest inhabitant.' As he walks back to my desk, care is riding him with whip and spur, and visions of bankruptcy and ruin

are looming up before him at every step. As the winds of heaven eddy around his care-worn brow, they carry away upon his faint breath that honest wish of his heart so touchingly expressed by COWPER:

‘On! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of *depression* and *delay*,
Of unsuccessful and successful *trade*
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of *stops* and *protests* with which earth is filled.’

‘But let him speak for himself:

‘RALPH, my dear boy, I'm in great distress. I'm one thousand short, and it's now two o'clock. I'm ruined if you don't help me out of this scrape. I offered for discount in two banks and got kicked out at both. Have you any thing over?’

‘It is astonishing how cool and tantalizing one feels on odd days, when there are no notes to pay, and ‘till to-morrow’ is a little eternity. Under this delightful sensation, which should be indulged for the sake of recuperation, especially if one has the means to grant the favor asked, it was just the most natural thing in life for me to answer: ‘Sit down, GEORGE, and take it easy. It is n't healthy to become excited. The weather is entirely too hot for violent exertion. By the way, here is a most delightful and instructive book I want you to read. It will scatter the horrors to the four winds of heaven.’

‘Do 'nt talk to me about reading when my mind is so harassed I can hardly say my prayers.’

‘Yes, but just read this exquisite picture of the heroine in that wonderful story of ‘ELIZABETH BARTON,’ while I see how much I can loan you.’

‘The habit of employing every moment induced him to comply:

‘The controlling quality of ELIZABETH's mind was very plainly in its intense religious devotedness, which in her not only sublimed, but strengthened her natural affections, held them well and wisely to their office, and gave to the simplest duty which had any thing of sacrifice in it, the tone and determination of a sacred obligation.

‘Her ideal of a religious life is called, in the phrase of her church creed, sanctification, perfect love, or Christian perfection. This conception was her standard. The instant aspirations of her heart were for angel purity and excellence. Her understanding, in its enthusiasm, rejected the logical manoeuvring by which the requirements of the highest law are reconciled to habitual delinquencies of life; nay, she felt weakness itself like a crime. Her meekness bore without apology the burden of her offences; and self-justification, on the ground of natural infirmity of nature, would have felt to her the very boldness of an appeal from the law of conduct prescribed for her by her Divine Father. The soul, held in such a frame, grew and gushed like the flowers and fountains, under the kindest influences of heaven. In the calm of her holy reveries, blessing lay like dew upon her affections, and in its exultant movement, the divine presence flooded her whole being with its light and life, like a sun-burst on a mountain top. It needed only a clear insight to perceive that her essential life was ‘hid with CHRIST in God’; that there was a constant rapture in the soul under that tranquillity of the senses — a fullness of the diviner life sustaining a level of perpetual calmness on the surface, which the forces of the outward and accidental had no power to disturb. This supremacy of the central took nothing from the wonted energy of the loves she owed to the world without; it rather adjusted, steadied, and supplied them with a recreating strength, a constant freshness, and untiring patience. If her faith and fervor bordered on fanaticism in sentiment, they nevertheless, in all the verities of use, flowed like life-blood through her moral system, feeding with vital force all the faculties which perform the benign offices of love and duty. A deep peace ruled her spirit, and wove

its quiet into all the solitudes which she sustained for others, and holy rest within compensated and repaired the waste of toil without.'

'After reading this, he turned over the leaves and examined the title-page. The workings of his mind were quite perceptible. He had already determined to buy the book, and although deeply interested, still remembered he was pressed for time. With the feeling that he would just finish that paragraph, he went a little farther, until the waters of Lethe closed cautiously and silently over the affairs of the day, and banks and bills payable were to him, for the time being, ogres of the night, vanishing before the bright god of day. If the author could have witnessed how the interest of this fresh and truthful picture of life had power to awaken an all-absorbing sympathy in this honest brother's heart, he would have felt abundantly repaid for the writing. He read on to the close, and drawing a long-sustained breath, looked up at the clock.

'Gracious heavens!' he exclaimed, 'it wants but twenty minutes to three o'clock!'

'A moment's delay or a word of badinage at this climax, would have been an insupportable agony, and I quietly placed a check for the required amount in his hand, and hurried him off to take up his note.

'The next visitor was a Western physician. I called upon him to sit down and read '*Calomel*,' an article from which I have only room for an extract:

'QUACKERY! If a fellow's head is a fog-bank, it is 'nt in a diploma to make a physician of him. The man that can't tell the time of day by a clock till he hears it strike, has no use for a watch; and the physician that does not know whether calomel is producing its effect until his patient is salivated, should never touch the drug; he is not fit to use it.'

'He complied, and the reading gave him 'fits.' (By the way, a newly-discovered symptom of calomel.) But notwithstanding, he saw fit to purchase the book.

'Here space admonishes me that I am trespassing; but I must not omit the most amusing act of the drama. I have the good or ill fortune to number among my list of bores, of which every man has a goodly number, a consequential and crusty old bachelor, on the shady side of fifty, who considers no man's opinion or judgment entitled to any weight in the community who was not a looker-on at the birth of the present century; who imagines the wisdom of the world garnered up in his wonderful cranium, to be cautiously administered in broken doses during his morning perambulations; who is too conservative to accept any new isms, and who is annoyed beyond measure by the propensity of the present generation to coin words, the meaning of which he can have no clue to; who delivers himself in that slow and oracular manner which, while it admits of no argument, makes mountains out of mole-hills.

'Happening to walk in during my experiment with '*Periscopes*,' I accosted him in the following off-hand manner:

'Good morning, Mr. WARWICK. I hope I have the honor of seeing you very well this fine morning?'

'The familiarity of my manner would have been sufficient to wound his dignity without the presence of company, before whom such a liberty must be rebuked. He, therefore, straightened himself up to his full height, and replied:

'By what train of reasoning, Sir, or by what rule of logic, do you call this a fine morning, when the thermometer stands at ninety, Sir, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, Sir? When I was a young man, Sir, we had no such weather as this;

neither had we boys — yes, boys, Sir — who would have hazarded such a remark in the presence of their seniors, Sir. But, Sir, I presume the rationale of the affair is, that men having changed, the weather had to change also.'

'Having delivered himself after this wise, and waited a few moments to enjoy its astounding effects, he continued, 'I have the honor, Sir, to take my leave.'

'Now, such a display of galvanized dignity and pomposity had been submitted to good-naturedly so often, that I felt like taking him down a peg, and I was sure that the book before me with its modern name would furnish a fine opportunity. I therefore remarked:

'Mr. WARWICK, allow me to ask you one question before you go. Have you seen '*Periscopies*'?'

'The question confounded him. I presumed it would. I repeated again:

'Have you seen '*Periscopies*,' by ELDER?'

'By this time he had got the handle of the question, and tried to extricate himself after this fashion:

'No, Sir, I have neither seen nor heard of the book, or the author, Sir; if a man who can take such liberties with the English language can be *called* an author, Sir.'

'But, my dear Sir, you will find the word '*Periscopic*' in WEBSTER.'

'Well, Sir, suppose the use of it to be technically right, Sir, do you not see it is a modern innovation, Sir?'

'At this point I 'squared myself' to confound him with the force of my arguments and the fluency of my language; and seizing my opportunity while he was taking breath, I began:

'You, Sir, who perambulate the city as a walking encyclopedia of knowledge — as the connecting link which dovetails all that is worth knowing of the present century with the past — haven't read '*Periscopies*,' and don't know Doctor ELDER!'

'Do n't know the man who was born on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, at his own particular request!

'Do n't know the man who made the KOSSUTH speech!

'Do n't know the man who edited 'the Republic!'

'Do n't know the man who 'threw physic to the dogs,' and went to law for an honest living!

'Do n't know the man whose heart is so kind he wo'nt take a prosecuting fee!

'Do n't know the man whose wife never allows him to go to market, for fear he may meet a beggar on the way, and give him all his money; or failing to meet him while his basket is empty, gives him its contents on his return!'

'Well, upon my word, Mr. WARWICK, you come a little the nearest to being a 'Know-Nothing' of any man I ever saw in all my life.'

'This rollicking speech confounded the old gentleman, and caused a silent and speechless retreat on his part, and roars of laughter from the company.

'Such a book as '*Periscopies*,' abounding as it does in characters and tales, things slushy and things fanciful, things politico-economical and things religious, is a public benefaction, and, judiciously used, might furnish young editors, aye, and old ones, too, with original material for a year's work. It will serve as a sort of intellectual grindstone, upon which young aspiring authors may try their metal; and if they will only profit by the test, the public will be saved many dull inflections.—Yours ever,

RALPH ROANOKE.

OUR 'UP-RIVER' AND GREEN-MOUNTAIN CORRESPONDENT ON HIS TRAVELS. — Our faithful friend and contributor, since his last communication, has been upon his travels in HER MAJESTY'S dominions; and the first city he visits is recalled to us, as we saw it six years ago, as it were by a daguerreotype; and the same praise is awarded to his last epistle, in a letter now lying before us from a lady-correspondent formerly of the Green-Mountain State, but now a resident of the distant West:

Montreal, September 5, 1854.

'To experience the luxury of a new sensation, I have crossed the borders, and entered on the confines of JOANNES BULL. If you have eagerly desired to visit 'Albion's Isle,' where whilom 'dwelt a youth,' but cannot do so for the present, owing to the 'great gulf' placed between you and it, the Canadas afford the best, though perhaps an unsatisfactory, substitute. There you may see English, if not England, Frenchmen, if not France.

"*Cælum, non animum mutant qui trans mare current.*"

Leaving the 'capitolian town' (as the poet, ELBERT H. SMITH has it) of Vermont at mid-day, we travelled northward along the base of the wild Green-Mountains. Last year the crops were eaten up by grass-hoppers; now the whole country is afflicted with drouth. For six weeks the blessed rain has not fallen, only now and then a passing cloud has let drop a few teasing honey-drops, and the corn has begun to be prematurely 'parched,' and the springs have failed. The fallen leaves have become so dry, and the soil itself so inflammatory, that the least spark is cherished into a flame, and the whole world, as far as we could look, appeared to be in a state of conflagration. In a little while the smoke became insufferable, the sun was obscured, and the engineer could scarce see what was ahead. We arrived at a burning bridge, and after much delay got across the narrow stream; and when another engine had been procured, rolled on. Toward night the spectacle was splendid, yet gloomy in the extreme. The distant mountains on fire, the dense fog creeping over the meadows, the 'bonfires' here and there, the crawling flames which crept up the trunks and burst out upon the summits of dry pines and larches, the separate and distinct kindlings seen at intervals in the thick groves by the way-side, and the many nuclei from which the conflagration was spreading, gave to the whole scene, as we looked out of the dim windows of the rolling cars, an intense and solemn interest. It seemed as if the great day was at hand.

'Toward twilight our course appeared to lie through a deep and wide sea. Although still travelling on wheels, we beheld nothing on every hand but waves; but our PALINURUS plunged bravely on, and the whole train, like a great sea-serpent, with many a loud exhalation moved slowly along, and at last came to a stand at the extremity of a 'narrow neck of land' which juts into Lake Champlain. The hotel is a continuation of the long sheds which form the depot — a pretty sombre-looking place, for the waters of the lake come up to the very threshold of the host's door; and in stormy weather he might need the aid of Mrs. PARTINGTON'S broom to sweep them out. A steam-boat lay bouncing within a few feet of the piazza, ready to carry off a portion of the travellers to Whitehall. Rouse's Point is the windiest neck o' land I was ever 'onto,' and I was told that in the winter-time it is a 'tedious place.' It must be that at any time for those who have to tarry

in it longer than over night, for the entrance to it is through cavernous walls illumined with the occasional glare of furnaces.

'When you at last pass through the hall of your place of entertainment, it is only to look on the dark billows of Champlain. The night came down, and there was no moon. As gloomy and solemn-thoughted as OSSIAN, I passed up and down the narrow platform, holding on my hat with both hands. The lake seemed shoreless; but afar off in the dark, a light-house, like some great eye made not to see but to be seen, looked with blazing circumspection from the cliff. The passengers for Whitehall were up-stairs taking advantage of a small interregnum to accomplish their suppers; and there they sat, a hundred or more of them, at a long table, as dumb as beetles, chewing beef-steaks and champing cucumbers, on the brink of the sullen gulf into which they were to plunge. How thoughtless is voracity! It plies its tooth-pick in the jaws of destruction, and waves its dying farewell to a mutton-chop. It is positively shocking to look at sharp-set travellers over explosive boilers, or with a single plank between them and death, dabbling in soups, and gravies, and all kinds of greasy condiments, with the appetites of nail-digesting ostriches. How they do eat, with their eyes as well as their teeth, as if they would devour the porous negroes who wait on table! How they do lick the spoons! What a 'muss' they do make with eggs, while they sully the by-no-means-immaculate table-cloths! It drives one to the verge of frenzy to hear them *smack*. What an appropriate epitaph on the glutton's tomb would be the solemn words:

'The sound of the grinders shall cease!'

'At last the bell rang, and the swift-repeated cry of 'all aboard' mingled with the creak of twisting hawsers, and the hissing of steam, came like a death-knell on the ear of the engrossed eaters. Down came the Whitehallers with their mouths unwiped, running as fast as they had just masticated, fairly tumbling over each other down the stairs. The wind blew a gale; the furnaces glared out; they were swept aboard as with the blast of a hurricane; trunks, and bags, and baskets, and band-boxes; the sound of the keel was heard in the waves; they were out of sight and mind in a twinkling, and nothing but the lantern at the mast-head was seen, shining down like a baleful star on these thoughtless subjects of digestion. With a silent aspiration that they might be spared till breakfast next morning, I retired for the night, in a long, narrow, triple-bedded room, in which, thanks to the obliging nature of the landlord and the meagreness of travel, I took up my quarters *solus*. More than one pair of boots in a sleeping apartment is decidedly not pleasant.

'The approach to the clean quays of Montreal awakens great expectations in those who long to set foot in BULL'S dominions. How different from the ugly logs, and black piles, and rubbish-choked wharves of our great city! On landing, you have not to run the gauntlet through a file of whip-lashes shaken threateningly at your head. The cab-men stand as still as statues, only crooking their fingers at you in a wistful manner, with a mute appeal for patronage. Cabs which for some reason or other did not seem to take in New-York are here in the ascendant. Ancient, and massive, and compact is the city of Montreal. Its narrow streets, queer houses, its black-hooded nuns, red-coated soldiers, and ecclesiastics in their distinctive garbs to be met every where, together with other features too numerous to mention, impress it with a style and character entirely distinct from that of any city in the States. You do not meet the red-faced Englishman, however, at every turn, as you expected. Climate and a dogged sticking to old-country modes of life

have perhaps turned his blood pale, and he is mingled in the thoroughfares in large proportion with the more sallow Frenchman and sun-burnt Irish. Sharp noses and slab-sides also are by no means rare. The city wanted its ordinary life, for it had just risen from sackcloth, to say nothing of ashes. The pestilence had but lately abated, and the regiments had been removed from town. Moreover, the last day of August was distinguished for sweltering heats, clouds of dust, and the densest smoke wafted into town from burning forests, so that the darkest day in London would scarce compare with it.

'Many of the streets in Montreal are named after Saints, and all of them dedicated to sinners. But never was this class of humanity better provided for. The good nuns go all about town to look after the sick and destitute; scores of priests lend an attentive ear in multitudinous confession-boxes to the penitential; and immense churches are open all day to those devoutly inclined. You see more people on their knees by odds than you have been accustomed to, and it is such a common attitude that one never thinks of pointing with an air of wonder to the genuflecting individual, saying, 'Behold, he prays!' The love of the world is no doubt rife as in other places, and poor human nature needs renovation. Yet one phase of sinfulness, I should say, does not so much abound — the headlong frenzy of getting suddenly rich, and 'that without remedy.' A slower, surer, and perhaps more honest process is indicated by the thicker walls, the less showy, but more substantial houses. We asked several persons, as the guide-book was good for nothing, what were the lions of the place, and their classification of the scanty catalogue was thus, to the question:

'Q. 1. — 'What is there to be seen in Montreal?'

'HOST. — 'Oh! there is the Cathedral, the Ride round the Mountain, the Market, and NELSON's monument, and the Gray Nunnery.'

'Q. 2. — 'What is there worth looking at in Montreal?'

'PATRICK. — 'The Cathaydral, Gray Noonery, Ride round the Mountain, and NELSON's tower.'

'Q. 3. — 'What is there interesting to strangers in Montreal?'

'BAR-MAN. — 'NELSON's tower, Cathedral, Gray Nunnery, Ride round the Mountain, and MACALLISTER.'

'Here was something gained by pertinacious inquiry. MACALLISTER, however, turned out to be not a fixity, but a conjurer, who, having astonished all the crowned heads of Europe, had stopped here by particular request, the last link in the illustrious chain of wizards. As for the 'cathaydral,' we paid it a speedy visit, which we repeated again and again. It is immense and magnificent in extent, but we were surprised to find the outer walls at the base pasted all over with sundry advertisements, some of them not at all of an ecclesiastical nature. As to the dim, religious light, and so forth, it has frequently been written about before. Gray Nunnery is very neat and clean, and NELSON's monument in a state of wretched dilapidation, the stucco upon it all tumbling to pieces. There was one very important work which was not mentioned by our informants in company with Cathaydral and Gray Nunnery, and that was the VICTORIA tubular bridge now building over the rapids. Thither with a friend I proceeded, and, having obtained a pass, we went to form some idea of this gigantic and most magnificent undertaking. In the middle of the boiling river, which is here two miles in width, the company have erected an immense coffer-dam, and we saw the solid masonry already laid down on the dry bed of the stream. This bridge when completed may yet form a part of the grand highway to the Pacific and to China. So they say.

'I noticed a very singular vehicle, the like of which my eyes had never beheld; a jaunty, easy gig, on high springs, without top, with a shelving back, and seat in front for a driver — the same called a *caleche*, (pronounced *calash*.) It looked as if it belonged to the age of Louis the Fourteenth; and my friend and I forthwith made up our minds to have a ride round the recommended mountain in nothing else but a 'calash.' A lively Irishman, whose whole personal estate consisted in a very shabby specimen of this sort of carriage, very gladly consented to go upon the journey, and soon made his appearance before the hotel. We were not proud, and stepped in. It was a part of the bargain that he should also drive us through the city and suburbs. And faith, the motion of the carriage was so *aisy*, and so many things did our guide point out to us, that we by no means regretted having gone. Here we saw a place of entertainment for the sale of bivalves, now kept by SHADRACK, the fugitive of Boston notoriety. It is called 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.' There are many colored gentlemen of the same class in Montreal, mostly engaged in the tonsorial occupation. Then we were directed to the spot where Lord ELGIN was stoned in his carriage, and nearly fell a victim to the mob; and again, we saw the spot on which Father GAVAZZI was complimented in a like manner. The padre and his lordship shook off the dust from the soles of their feet when they went away, and have not returned to the city since.

'Round the mountain' is a most agreeable drive. There are superb slopes and meadows, elegant seats, and all the marks of a long-settled country. A number of carriages passed us on the road, filled with sisters of charity, who were either out for the benefit of their health, or on their errands of mercy. These good creatures must have suffered very much from their exertions during the past season, for the scourge was unusually severe.

'On returning into the city we were attracted by a crowd arranged in the form of a hollow square, gazing with much interest on the tricks of a conjurer, (not MACALLISTER,) who was walking about with a drawn sword in his hand, and doing in open day-light some of those feats whose success we are apt to attribute to the help of candle-light. He spoke in the French lingo. The trick of the eggs and the empty bag was performed, to the great delight of the audience, after being edified with which we requested the 'calash' to move on. But I have not a great deal to say of Montreal at 'this present.' The *tout ensemble* was what interested me the most; the general expression and features which marked this ancient city as distinct from any thing which I had seen in the States; for as to its public places and objects of interest, they can be visited in a little time, and consist, as PATRICK said, (mentioning them in the order of their interest,) of 'Cathaydral, Gray Nunnery, Ride round the Mountain, and NELSON'S Tower;' to which may be added at present, MACALLISTER.'

F. W. S.

WE shall next hear from our agreeable correspondent at the quaint and ancient city of Quebec, of which he will give us, we may safely assume, a most graphic picture. We somewhat marvel that while our friend was in Montreal he did not ascend to the top of one of the great towers of the cathedral. The view thence is one of surpassing magnitude and beauty. It is alone worth going to Montreal to behold. Also, instead of going by rail to the Canadian metropolis, why did not 'F. W. S.' take boat and go down the 'Long Saux' and 'Cedar Rapids?' He would have seen wonders that would last him a life-time. He must take that route when next he travels Canada-ward.

THE 'SEA-SHORE SKETCHES' reach us when we are fainting with the last and most 'fervent heat' of early September. The very title has an *air* of coolness. The sea-shore! But read — and 'say nothing': it's too warm to talk:

'LET's go over to the pistol-gallery, Major! I see the Misses HAMMERSLAGER with two 'lions' in their chains just entering the door, and if you'd do a signal favor to these ladies, you'll assist at their performances. We shall not intrude: they can't have too many admirers.'

'Well!' hummed the Major, 'needs must when BUZZY drives.' And throwing away segars, the pair started for the gallery; entering just as Miss JULIA HAMMERSLAGER, having selected a 'saw-handle,' gave orders to load. Pistol in hand, she announced her intention of firing at the word. Between 'two and three,' she blazed away. The bell rang.

'It'im again! Miss 'AMMERSLAGER; hif'e 'asn't many friends, 'e's got a hiron constitution!' spoke out the English 'lion' of the group, FITZ-HOBBS, as dressed in 'ashes-of-cream' colored, 'leg-of-mutton' whiskers, supported by a 'father-killer' shirt-collar, kept up by a blue polka neckerchief, salmon-colored pantaloons, a short, brown shooting-jacket, historical pattern-shirt, and — gaiters, of course, he watched the young lady's preparation to take her second shot at the iron-target; said target being cut out in the semblance of a man in profile, whose heart being hit, gave out the ring.

'BUZZY was saluted by Miss JULIA with:

'Good morning, BUZZY! Come over to see me shoot?'

'That's my mission just now,' was his reply. 'I came over, too, to get up an appetite, for you ring that bell so continuously that I cheat myself into the belief it's the first bell for dinner.'

'That'll do, now! Keep quiet, BUZZY, and don't spoil my shooting with your wretched compliments. FITZ-HOBBS is trying to make me miss the button, because he has bet a Champagne breakfast for the 'party' that I can't ring the bell six times out of eight.'

'FITZ-HOBBS protested. 'Hi declare hi'm an abused individual; I 'ad n't a sinister motive at hall. Hi knew when I made the bet that you'd win it.'

'One! two! Ring-a-ling-a-ling!

'There you go again! 'it'im right in the 'art! You'll *steel* it hif you keep 'ammering away in that manner. Hit's positively shocking to 'im; stunning, hi might say.'

'Miss JULIA HAMMERSLAGER, nothing daunted by HOBBS' remarks, fired eight shots, rang the bell seven times, and won the breakfast; whereupon her sister KATE and the Count DOUCE SAVON tendered their congratulations to Mr. FITZ-HOBBS, desiring him to 'name the happy day.' He named the next; and then, as if to relieve his mind from a great weight of woe, desired to exchange a few shots with the Count at the 'Hiron Duke,' as he facetiously called the target. The Count DOUCE SAVON, who wore just the air of a billiard-marker from the Latin Quarter, readily complied. Miss JULIA declared she 'would n't bet a sixpence on FITZ-HOBBS' shooting,' but readily staked two polkas and a schottisch on the Count.

'Are you ready?' asked the proprietor of the shooting-gallery.

'Pretty nearly so!' answered HOBBS.

'Miss JULIA screamed with laughter. 'Why don't you say 'Ready!' Mr. HOBBS? One would think you had never 'been out,' to hear you talk.'

'Ready!' answered HOBBS, thus corrected; and before 'one!' was pronounced, there was a pane of glass less in the sky-light, his pistol having gone off while he held it in air.

'Ho! my heyes!'

'A little higher, and you would have said, 'Ho! my nose!'' sententiously remarked Miss HAMMERSLAGER.

'Why, I took great *pains*.'

'Yes!' she again interrupted, 'the sky-light shows that. Go on shooting: only remember that *the target* is what you are to fire at.'

Mr. HOBBS looked as if he would like to be excused. His second shot hit the nose of the iron man.

'A line shot!' said JULIA.

'Yaas! hi always fire line-shots,' quickly added FITZ-HOBBS. His third shot went to the left of the target.

'Now, Mr. HOBBS,' spoke JULIA, 'I can believe your story of the lion-hunt you had with GORDON CUMMINGS is true, for any one can see, by that last shot, that you have crossed the *line*!'

'Ah! my 'and is hout this morning; I cawn't shoot at hall!'

The Count, whom BUZZY set down as having serious intentions on Mr. HOBBS' purse, on seeing his future banker decline shooting, also declined; and the 'party,' as Mr. HOBBS would say, left the gallery for the Hotel—Miss JULIA HAMMERSLAGER'S voice being heard (*dim-inuendo*) earnestly inquiring if HOBBS would n't be 'particular, and see that they had Morris River Cove oysters, instead of any others,' for the Champagne breakfast; 'and mind you tell AUGUSTINE (*chef de cuisine*) to see that we have woodcock.'

'What do you think of it, Major?' asked BUZZY, after they had left. 'Did you ever see such a 'fast' party?'

'Yes! much faster — *out of society*!'

NUMBER FOUR.

'Hops are tonic, good in nervous tremors, weakness and tremors of inebriates. A pillow made of hops, wet with rum, is good to produce sleep and allay nervous irritation, good for — pains of women, and valuable in fermentations.'—LADIES' INDISPENSABLE ASSISTANT, p. 66.

'On referring to the dictionary of that gentleman so often invoked in ambiguous and doubtful cases — *Walker*! we found

'Hop, *s.*, a jump on one leg.'

'This was unsatisfactory, for had we not often been present at Hops? Did we not know that in the 'court-rooms of the Muses' hops were composed of jumps on two legs? We gave up our search in despair, when chance threw in our way that valuable production from which we extract the heading of this sketch. Rheumatic railers at sea-shore balls, read it and ponder.

'What the thunder's going on in the dining-room?' asked BUZZY, as he sat in the hotel portico, watching with the Major the evening-star rising in all its beauty, or the drying bathing-clothes waving 'harlequinly' in the gentle breeze. 'What's going on? is it a May-moving or a free-fight?'

'He well might ask. Steam-whistles, pigs in a high-wind, trombones, scissor-grinding, all seemed working at once.

"They're arranging the furniture and tuning the instruments for the hop, to-night," answered the Major.

"Sure enough! ain't I one of the floor-managers? Won't I shake your old bachelor heart by the introductions I'll give you to the belles of the ball? Look-out! I'm getting up steam!"

"Yes, so I noticed at dinner. Champagne and sherry! Fire and water! Suppose we let off a little by a walk along the beach? We can return early enough not to miss the quadrilles." And to the beach they sauntered.

"The hop had commenced. BUZZY, with his pretty cousin, CLARA BELL, was waltzing to the music of the full band, as it performed 'La Prima Donna,' while the Major, who only indulged in quadrilles and a polka occasionally, (the latter from principle, it being a camp-dance,) was surveying the room. He saw the tables that made it a dining-room piled away at either end in tiers; the band stationed at one end discoursing music; while along the sides chairs were placed in double rows for the accommodation of the guests. Evergreens arranged along the walls, festooned flags, flashing lights, gay dresses, the hum of voices, rustling silks, perfumes, flowers. Said the Major to himself, 'It will do.' At this moment the HAMMERSLAGERS, *père et mère*, passed him, followed by the daughters JULIA and KATE, under the protection of the 'British arms' of that 'lion' rampant, FITZ-HOBBS. The music stopped at the close of the waltz, and the Major, apprised that a polka was the next in order, claimed the hand of the fair JULIA.

"Certainly. I'm not engaged. My hand is yours—for the polka! Do you know that I never refused to dance it but once?"

"How could you ever refuse?" asked the Major.

"Pa insisted on our all going to Castle-Garden one night to hear 'Norma,' or the 'Daughter of the Regiment,' or some of those operas of ERNANI'S! We went. Young GREEN, who was with us—you know him—asked me between acts if I wouldn't like to walk out on the balcony in the moonlight, see the bay, boats, waves, and get away from the music. We went up stairs, walked out, and as we were near the end overlooking the garden, a hurdy-gurdy struck up the *Love Polka*. Those delightful Germanians played it so rapturously last summer at Newport! That wicked GREEN just then invited me to polka, and I declare I believe I should if—I had n't remembered we were at the opera! Now, Major, do stop that waiter and get me a glass of 'flush.' I hope it isn't weak."

"Another instant the 'flush' was in hand.

"Just as I thought," pathetically sighed fair JULIA; "it's all water. Take it away."

"Poom-poom-poom, ti-poom-poom-poom," sounded the music; and the next moment off started JULIA and the Major in his favorite camp-dance. Why prolong the description of the delights of that hop? Had we not better, like materialists, turn the painting round and criticise the horrible coarseness of the canvas? It's so much easier to 'pick things to pieces' than put them together.

'BUZZY on this night seemed ubiquitous, introducing every body he knew to any body he knew, and to some he did n't know—once in his office of floor-manager, picking up an unfortunate young gentleman who measured his width on the boards.

'The rosy hours went flying by, old people retired, and a few of the very young ladies, spite of the precautions taken by their anxious mammas to keep their eyes open, by pulling all their hair *à la chinoise* to the backs of their heads, began to try to shut their 'peepers.' Those of the boarders whose 'family' prerogatives pre-

vented their entering into the spirited pleasures of the hop, grew tired of their outside positions at the windows, where they had glared in at the poor 'hoppers' with the spirit of Middle-Aged German barons looking from their castle-eyries down on the low-born in the valleys, and slowly left. Hops would 'nt allay their irritations. That portion of the outsiders comprising waiters, nurses, 'villagers and retainers,' as the play-bills have it, instead of decreasing, increased. Among the sable spectators delight and joy raged fearfully; each appeared to have found a copy of 'Endless Amusement' (the usual price of which so-called amusing work is fifty cents.)

'In the immediate vicinity of the ball-room lay the great magnet for Young America, the bar-room. In this spot the shuffling, shutting sound of shaken sherry-cobblers, juleps, claret-cobblers, brandy-smashes, and all those 'crushing' drinks, seemed never to cease. Particularly to FRIZ-HOBBS, between the dances, did the insinuating cobblers come refreshingly; he did not heed the velvety steps of 'tightness,' so slowly and gradually did they glide over the sleeping 'lion' in him; not until the band played the last polka did FRIZ-HOBBS *feel* as if he 'walked on thrones!' He had just entered the ball-room, which to his astonished vision seemed to have been changed into a grand revolving panorama; with wide-eyed wonder he paused an instant, and then, as if to assure himself of the reality of things, grasped a leg of one of the piled-up tables: it yielded, and slowly, surely, irresistibly, he felt an avalanche of tables coming down like ten thousand bricks upon his devoted head; he gave one roar, and the next instant lay 'under the mahogany.' The grand crash caused a 'tremendous' sensation; nervous tremors came over the ladies; the gentlemen, exceedingly excited by drinking, music, dancing, rushed in a body to rescue the poor victim on whom the 'tables were turned.' Down on hands and knees, the 'pattern-men,' in white linen cut-away coats and pantaloons; the would-be *élégants* in heavy, black tail-coats, and 'extensions;' and the outsiders in variegated summer garments, one and all looked under the tables.

'Hi say, waw's aw the row abaw? hannyborry kno?'

'And there sat HOBBS, like Mr. TODDLES, unscathed, unharmed, but immovably tipsy. He was drawn out and quartered on a chair; there he sat, looking very owl-ly, nodding his head to the dying notes of the last polka. Hops must have seemed to him *very valuable in fermentations*. The ladies prepared to go; they left. The lights were fast being put out, the musicians departing, when BUZZY, having attended his cousin CLARA to the saloon, returned to look after FRIZ-HOBBS, hoping that as HOPS are *tonics, good in nervous tremors, weakness and tremors of inebriates*, he might be all the better for his experience of them. Alas! he found him supported by two waiters, who were vainly endeavoring to make out the number of his room, so as to carry him up. He recognized BUZZY at once.

'Hi s-say, BUZ-uzzz, wha's all the row abaw? hay? Le's go an' g-get 'nother cob-bobler!'

'Pretending to steer him where he could strike another 'cob-bobler,' BUZZY saw him put to bed (let us hope that his '*pillow of hops, wet with rum, produced sleep and allayed nervous irritation*,') and then sought his own chamber, which, being directly over the bar-room, allowed him to study the anatomy of drunkenness for about an hour, before he could prosecute his researches into that of sleep. The last he heard was a stormy dispute whether two 'mellow' vocalists should sing 'Oft in the stilly night,' or 'Behold how brightly breaks the morning,' which was finally settled by a reference to watches, and the voice of one declaring 'the l-lass ch-chewen the m-mos p-pep-pepper-ro-pri — oh, yuno wha' I m-mean!'

H. P. L.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — OUR (and our readers') friend, 'Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL,' who left his colored 'congregation' some months ago to visit 'Ewrop' in search of health, has returned 'renovated, reinvigorated, and reinstored,' and has resumed his valuable labors in the '*New-York Weekly Picayune*.' There is a dash of satire in the very opening of his first letter to his 'long-neglected flock': 'I speck some ob you, speshily dose who hab only a promiscus akquaintance wid me, begin to t'ink, by dis time, dat I hab forgotten you altogedder, and was n't nebber no more aguane to rite to you; but dose dat nose me better nose me best. De reason dat I hab not epistolized to you befo'e am bekose I bin so bizzy wid de Lords and Ducks, de nobility and sich like, in England, dat I haben't had time to haff comb my har, luff alone rite to sich fellars as you. When I allow myseff to t'ink ob de contrass betwene you low wite and black commoners ober dar, and de pepil I swosheate wid here, my nose involentarily turns up as much as its flatness will permit. I do n't noe dat I shall ebber come back to you agin, for I lede a berry different life here to what de scrapins ob de sasser would allow me to hum. I speck to git a wite wife afore de winter's ober, for mind I tell *you*, a darkey am considered *some* in dese diggins: but I will splain dat foe you in a future period.' Professor HANNIBAL certainly gives a very graphic description of leaving New-York for 'Ewrop:'

'You all nose when I left de warf on de nineteen ob April, just as de bell in de soup-house rung for dinner. Well, we bore down de bay as cheerful and as light as a butterfly in de sunshine. De passengers war a talking wid dere frens on de poop-deck, who war guane to see dem off, and lebe dun at Staten-Island. De stars and stripes wor a flyin' at de stearn. De pilot was a gubbin orders to de man at de big weel wats fast to de seller-door a-swingin' on behind to turn de ship round wid. De captin was a-pullin' of his go-to-meetin' close, and a-puttin' on a tree-dollar-and-a-half suit. De mate was arrangin' de watches ob de crew — so de steward sed — but I did n't see not one watch 'mong de hole ob dem. De steward was busy gittin' up dinner, and I sat alone on deck. No frens come to lebe *me* at Staten-Island, and put me to de 'xpense ob a dinner on board: so dere I sat cogitatin' and foolosifizein.

'Putty soon all de wite folks set down to dinner, and all ob dem eat and drink all dey cood, and gub toast 'bout safe return, and all dat sort ob t'ing. While dey was eatin' New-York begin to grow smaller and smaller, fust de men on de warfs turned into boys, and de horses to dogs; den de fust fell to babies and de odders to poodles; den de steeples and de masts ob de ships at de warfs all begin to git muxed up togeddir as t'ick as ingin-meal in a hoe-cake; den it all begin to go down in de water, and it gradually sunk in de bay, wid only here and dere a steeple dat stuck up like a big handle for some big giant to pull de city up agin wid. All dis time we was bein' towed wid de tugg; not a sail had been stuck out. After dinner de tugg come 'long-side and de frens jumped aboard, some a-laffin', some a-cryin', and some as grabe as an owl full ob huckleberrys. Soon as de tugg was gone de steward ax me in de calaboose to dinner; but my heart was too full ob good-bye to eat, so I took my seat near de carbuncle, and kept under de American flag (where all good men can set down in peace) and watched de movement ob t'ings all 'round me. Now de captin was up to he eyes in biziness. He stood on de poop and sung out to de men to luff go de royal stilyards, hell-yards, and tan-yards, and splice de main-brace; den he wanted all de royal top-balance-sails set, and den he gub dem orders to squar demseffs. All dis time de hind-quarter and de fore-quarter ob de ship was a tryin' dere best to see which cood dive deepest in de water and go up de highest in de air. At fust I tort it was fun, and tort de bows had de best ob it, when I noticed dat de sides ob de ship had commenced de same game; and den it was down stern to up bows, and down bows and up stern, for ebber so long. Presently my watching de fun kinder made me dizzy, and putty soon de stripes on de flag begin to blow like a corkscrew, and de stars seemed to snap and crack, and it seemed to wind itseff around my head till I cood n't hold it up no longer. I sung out

for my frind de steward, who said I was sea-sick; but I node better, and I told him so. He, howebber, helped me to my birth and a tin pan, both ob which I clung to wid eagerness.

Passing by his arrival in England, we must 'pass an interval,' and find 'Professor HANNIBAL' in London seeking lodgings, through the courteous attention of a policeman:

'WHEN I went fur lodgings, de ole lady at fust sed to de policer dat she had n't a spar room in de house, but as soon as she see me she changed her mind.

'Are you one ob thim poor hoppessed people Mrs. BUTCHER STONE has so beautifully wrote on, from that barbarous, savage country, North-America?'

'Yes mum,' sez I, wid an eye to de lodgings, and seein' she wus one ob de rite kind for me to lib in clobber wid.

'Well!' sez she, puttin' on her specks, 'in the name ob heaven, 'ow *did* you git away from them? 'Ave you been beaten much, or branded wid 'ot hirons? Do let's look at you.'

'I frankly tole de ole womans dat I wus n't much hurt, and hoped to find de 'silum under her hospitel roof.

'You shall 'ave de best room in de 'ouse,' returned she; 'there's honly a poor medical student got it now, and 'e must take the hattic-room till you leave, or 'e must leave altogether, I do n't care which.'

'I tanked her for her preference and due 'preciation ob de cullered man, and was shown to de room. I wus not long in unpacking my wardrobe from de crown ob my hat, and makin' myseff at home. How de stugent and de ole woman settled 'bout de room I neber node; all I heard 'bout it was, 'bout ten o'clock de same night I hear a voice, goin' up stairs in big shoes, say: 'I'm d — d if I stand it, to be turned out of my own room for a run-away buck nigger; I'll show her in de morning!' Dat's de lass I heard ob it; ef he did show *her* it's more dan he did heseff, fur he nebbber showed heseff to me. . . . De mornin' arter my 'ribal in dat landlady's house, she 'vited me to brekfust, and, as a matter ob corse, she bein' one ob de fair see, I 'cluded to 'cept, and I lumbered into de eatin'-room. It was a-mos 'lebin o'clock afore brekfist was reddy, and my insides begin to feel as mean as an honest man in debt afore it cum; but bime-by it was 'rived, and wid it sebral nabors in good helf and big close. I took de hed ob de table, and de way I cut it fat dat morning 'mong dem wite folks was a sin in de first degree. One ole lady, who belong to de trablin track-siety, in a high cap and graen specks, talk a good deal 'bout de slabs in ole Warginni and Alabama, and ax me if I was ebber at St. Enatty, on de Mississippie, whare dey sell de slabs in drobes like sheeps? Den she wanted to noe what kind ob a massa I had? — if I'd been licked much, and if my ears had been kropped? And den she was anxious to find out how I got away, and what perils I 'countered, all ob which she was guane to take down in a book for to print. When I seed dat I tort I'd gub her somefin to print; so I told her a few sockdollagers by way ob a preface. 'Moog de ress, I told her dat I node darkies to be licked five times a day, and fed on tater-peelings once, and I seen em sick-a-bed wid de yellar feber a-workin' nee deep in dirty swamps, raisin' rice, cotton, and 'backer; and den at nite, when dey go to hab a little dance, dey get licked agin; and when day go to bed dey get licked agin, and so on and so 4th. All dis she put down wid alackrity and a pensel.'

We shall keep a sharp eye upon the 'Professor.' He is an 'observant traveller;' and as we are to hear of him farther in London, in France, and in Italy, it will be well to note how 'Ewrop' in detail strikes 'a native.' He is an unmistakeable *American*, and 'sound as a nut.' - - ANY one who has ever been to hear the CHRISTY's, WOOD's, or BUCKLEY's minstrels, must have remarked the surprising effect which is produced by four little pieces of bone in the hands of an 'artist' in that 'line.' 'Young Knick' is an expert in that department, and if he had more 'spread' to his hand, and greater length to his fingers, he would prove a formidable rival to GEORGE CHRISTY, (*facile princeps*!) whom we have seen almost expire with emotion under the effect of a *diminuendo* passage in one of his ecstatic performances. Being strongly thereto urged, we lately advanced a dollar to 'the Juvenile' to purchase a set of 'bones,' of *lignum-vite*, with a clear, sharp 'click.' Truth to say, they were used with great skill. All sable melodies, that are

popular in the higher circles, were accomplished with ease and undeniable taste. But there was no limit to the young artist's rôle. On Sunday evenings ('when twilight gently steals o'er the landscape, when the sky is clear and the air very salubrious,') it is our wont to assemble our little household in the parlor, and, with a subdued *pedal* upon the piano, indulge in a few of the good old-fashioned tunes of our boyhood's time, such as 'Windham,' 'Wells,' 'Old-Hundred,' 'Aylesbury,' 'Florida,' and the like. (There are those who loved us once whose voices, we trust, are breathing these 'airs' in Paradise!) It is no place, at such a time, we humbly submit, for an accompaniment on 'the clappers.' Yet in a prolonged note in one of these solemn airs, on the pathetic minor-key, would come a bone-click, in perfect time, certainly, and more or less subdued, of course, as occasion required, but still out of all keeping, so far as *we* know any thing of the proprieties of sacred music. This exercise was forbidden at once; but 'what is bred in 'the bones' is hard to eradicate. The 'clicks' were less frequent, perhaps, but they had more emphasis, and waited neither for time nor for the tide of sacred song. In a well-regulated family such things must be avoided, especially on the Sabbath. Those clappers are secured; they are placed out of sight; and if found, the anathema of SHAKESPEARE rests upon the discoverer who disturbs them: 'Cursed be he who moves these 'bones!' Not exactly an *anathema*, however! - - - A 'WARNING voice' comes from the 'United'n States'n,' bidding the 'ZAR,' or the 'CZAR,' or the 'TZAR,' (there is no knowing which is right,) to pause in his rapid career, and look about him—if he has *room* to look off—before it is 'everlastingly too late.' But, as the editor of the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff' justly and forcibly remarks, 'He's a obstinat' cretur' 'as ever was in the world:'

Ann Address to the Zar.

Q U E S T I O N I N ' O F H I M .

HALE too thee, ZAR of Rushee! How do you feel,
Now that the ALLEYS have both got on top of you
A-pummelin' your bread-basket more'n you like,
I 'xpect? Ain't you goin' to cry 'nuff,
As MCBETH did to McDUFF before they fit?
Are you 'n' Ostria in collision together
About the Moll Davy and the Wallack provinces?
Isn't it all gamun on both of your parts?
Say, you ole haughtyerat of all the Rushees,
Do you 'xpect to hold out long agin' the ALLEYS,
VICTORIA and LEWY NAPOLEON? Ain't you afeard
That wretched PASHAW alone'll give you fits?
Spouse ole SCAMMEL from the Kawkasus
Comes down, what then? Ha! ha! He'd make you cry
Copeeva in less than a minnit, by my watch!

The TZAR of all the Russias will *see* this! - - - THERE is something in the following extract from a note to the EDITOR, from a lady-correspondent in Concord, (New-Hampshire,) which will touch many a bereaved heart. It shows how even a babe, 'being dead,' may yet 'speak' to and influence the living: 'Years ago, my dear Mr. C——, when your brother died, I wept hot tears, partly for our own loss of a dear favorite, partly out of pity for you, his

twin. This makes you seem near to me; makes me long to say to you, as I do to the friends that come to see me: 'My bird is gone—and oh! how my heart is aching!' *My* bird, because its mother (my brother's young, graceful, and *good* wife) died soon after its birth, leaving the darling wholly with me; because I watched it, held it close to me, talked to it while its soft eyes rested on mine day and night, and loved it—oh! how well! Two days ago we laid her with her mother: and now I say within myself: 'While I live shall my angel-baby be between me and all sin; all the poor subserviency to the world's low cares and pursuits, which make our lives so groveling, so little divine. God grant that it may last!—and then indeed will my baby not have lived its short, beautiful life in vain.' 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings is ordained praise.' - - - For nearly three months, as every body knows, the earth in all the region immediately around us has fainted with the heat. The grass has withered and the flowers faded; and even as we write, when September is well advanced, the sun comes up an orb of blood in the east, rising languidly through the heated haze, instead of 'rejoicing to run his course' with 'healing in his beams.' The broad river sleeps, a sea of glass, and the sloops, with slumbering sails, drop lazily down with the tide. Our only resource is an ascent of the eminences behind us, even to the summit of 'Upper Ararat,' on which standeth the 'Rockland Tower,' carved with the names of visitors from many a distant scene. The heat has done one good thing; but for that, we should not have had these pleasant wood-odours, which the redolent trees shed on all the shaded air: the

— 'FRAGRANCE from the cedars,
Thickly set with pale blue berries.'

Nor have we known the time, during all the drouth, that we have not been able, with the assistance of certain of our 'little folk' (who love to wander with 'Hermit-Knick' in the stillness of the woods,) to procure well-contrasted and variously-supplied bouquets for the vases that ornament two corners of our summer-sanctum. To-day—dry, hot, parched, sultry, oppressive, *dead* as every thing is—we have brought home a couple of bunches that elicit, and we humbly submit, deserve commendation. And yet there is nothing in either of them but sprigs of the thickly-berried cedar; leaves of the finely-tissued brake; the bright yellow 'aster in the wood;' the white, furzy 'live-for-ever;' the crimson berries of the mountain-ash; a nameless little flower, of a color between purple and pink; the deep-red leaves of the dogwood; and the crimson and yellow of the sumach, with the warm-maroon 'tods' of the same, and among them sprigs of the Norway pine. Such are our autumnal bouquets; and really, the wealth of June could hardly excel them in exquisite tastefulness of effect. - - - FROM his beautiful 'Chestnut Cottage' on the Hudson, our friend RICHARD HAYWARD sends us the following note. We have before published a few stanzas from the same youthful pen alluded to, which were scarcely less replete with promise:

'MON CHER CLARK: It is a pleasure sometimes to turn out of the high road, the beaten path of great efforts, and see the world as it is *growing*, just as we watch the

first red shoots on the maple twig, which we know betimes will spread out into perfected foliage. From the land of vines (Ohio,) a friend sent me a short time since a brace of stanzas, written, as I believe, by his grand-son; at all events written by 'a little boy of only ten years of age.' Compared with all we know of early efforts of great masters in verse, these exhibit a fine sense of melody, not unmixed with pathos, which promise as fairly as any precocious attempts of those who have won a niche in the hill of Parnassus. What do you think?

'A DIRGE.

"WHERE the wild willow weeps, close to the river,
The bravest of chieftains sleeps: wake he will never;
No more on the hill-top his banner shall gleam,
For he lies by the side of yon murmuring stream.

"The curlew is screaming along the wild heath,
It will not, it cannot awake the brave chief;
He will lie by that river for ever and ever,
He never will wake again — never, oh! never!"

Is n't that clever, for 'a boy of ten?' - - - THE 'wee folk' have been amusing themselves, for an hour or so, by dropping out of the sanctum-windows little 'balloons,' as they term them, constructed of pink tissue-paper, by an elder sister; a square piece of the paper being looped down from the four corners by a fine thread, fastened at the bottom to a piece of cork, which hangs to the balloon, when it is inflated, like the basket attached to the parachute of

'THAT MR. COCKING,
Whose death was so shocking,'

some years ago, in England, and of which an engraving appeared at the time in the KNICKERBOCKER. One of these little balloons, inflated by the gentle air that was stirring at the time, was watched by bright eyes, upturned toward heaven, until it was almost out of sight in the celestial blue. We could not but take an interest in the childish sport. It reminded us forcibly of the kite-flying days of our boyhood, an amusement which we are weak enough to admit has by no means lost its charms for us even now. And one of these days — some calm, still day in October, probably, if we are alive and well — we intend to put up a variegated kite from the top of the Rock-land Tower, by some three thousand feet of cord, that shall be the wonder of 'all the country-side;' not to frighten, like the 'Chinese Dragon Kite' that was sent us from the 'Central Flowery Land,' and which we elevated on one occasion over the metropolis, to the wonderment of many, and the great consternation of not a few. 'Due notice will be given of its first appearance, wind and weather permitting. - - - Some idea of the hardness of a genuine SAMBO's head may be gathered from the annexed paragraph, which we find in the 'Daily Eagle,' printed at Memphis, (Tenn.): 'A "colored pusson," well known about town as 'OLD KIT,' while passing under a new three-story building, in process of erection, a brick-bat fell from the hand of a brick-layer on the wall above, and in descending came in contact with the negro's head. The resistance was great, and the brick-bat was broken in two. After recovering from the temporary stun, he addressed the brick-layer with: I say, you w'ite man up dar, if you do 'nt want yer bricks broke, just keep

'em off my head!" By the by, we have a good many clever anecdotes of the odd and bright sayings of 'the dark people,' but we have seldom heard a keener satire than was expressed by a colored 'boy,' as related to us just now, by a friend upon whom no good thing was ever lost: 'It seems that he was looking through a grave-yard fence upon the tomb-stone of a villager who in life had been known as a rather close-fisted citizen, whose principal care had been 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' the 'greatest number' with him having been 'number one.' After a pompous inscription, the following passage of Scripture was recorded: 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the LORD.' 'Dat may be so,' soliloquized SAMBO, 'but w'en *dat* man died, de LORD *did*'nt owe'im a red cent! E'yah! e'yah! e'yah!" Now if that is 'nt a good specimen of satire by inversion, we have misconceived its 'drift.' A good example of negro criticism of language is contained in the following: 'Is that the second bell?' asked a traveller at a western hotel in the morning, thrusting his head out of the door of his room, and addressing a colored 'boy,' who was swinging a big bell through the hall. 'No, Sah, dat am de second *ringin'* ob de *first* bell: we got no second bell, Sah — only *one* bell, Sah!" - - - OUR readers, we apprehend, will consider the following fervent '*Toast Impromptu*' as rather better and more spirited than many specimens of off-hand verse. The theme, though 'often tried, is ever new,' and is right worthy of a 'bumper' in LONGWORTH'S 'Sparkling Catawba,' of the most approved vintage. Even the Maine-Law advocates, prejudiced although they may be against the use of wine, will not refuse justice to such a toast, at least in a goblet of 'ADAM'S ale':

'FILL, fill your glasses, gentlemen,
And let the toast go round,
To WOMAN, darling WOMAN,
Wherever she is found:
Without *her*, even the fairest spot
On earth is dark and drear;
But *with* her, stormy winter seems
The summer of the year!

'When EVE went out of Paradise,
Had ADAM stayed behind,
To him no longer seat of bliss,
If he were of my mind;
With her for his companion,
The wilderness was bright,
And every din and desert spot
Endued with Eden-light.

'Worlds have been lost, so poets sing,
By woman's artful wiles;
But who would wish to *own* a world
Without her sunny smiles?
Better to have the smallest house
Where ladies are about,
Than all the palaces of kings
And emperors without.

'Then drink, with fervent hearts and souls,
The toast that I propose:
To WOMAN! woman every where,
Creation's sweetest rose;
But chiefly those whom we love best,
Yes, dearer than our lives —
Our mothers, sisters, daughters, friends —
Our sweet-hearts and our wives!

There is a strong smack of TOM MOORE in this. - - - THE '*Extraordinary Meeting of the Fuzzletown Scientific Society*,' as a whole, is not quite up to the mark, although it contains some good hits. The paper '*On the Social and Moral Habits of the 'Skeeter*' would have been more timely when the weather was warmer, and mosquitoes more abundant. A few curious statistics with regard to the 'skeeter' were presented: 'One hot evening last week one of the race under notice came into the speaker's room, where he was sitting *in puris-shirtibus*, and sang in his ear three hundred and seventy-six times. He received from the afore-mentioned, eighty-seven bites, of which fifty-nine were about the region of the head. He made thirty-four attempts to catch the insect with his hand, and sixteen with the towel. By means of the first

he bestowed on himself a bloody nose, and with the latter he upset the lamp, spilt the oil on the carpet, and got notice to quit from his landlady.' Under these aggravated circumstances, more stringent measures against these 'Arabs of the air,' ('that part of Providence as bites,' as Mr. PEPPER informs us,) were advocated by the speaker, and carried by the meeting. Professor MUDDLE's new theory of 'Mountains and their Origin' is profound: 'MILTON, a great scientific author of other days, asserted that before the foundation of the world chaos existed. Every one is acquainted with the nature of chaos. It is an endless, immeasurable *Nothing*, perpetually in a state of agitation. From this agitated nothing was evolved an immense quantity of *Something*, which kept spinning around each other in what might be termed 'a free fight.' Some of these somethings were made before others, consequently had become of harder surface, and these, striking against more recent formations, caused indentations and raised protuberances, eventuating, in the case of our earth, in valleys, like the great Mississippi valley and others great or small, as the case may be; and in mountains, like the Alps, the Appenines, the Alleghanies, and so on down to the letter Z. When the earth got into its regular course, it was no more thumped against; consequently no new mountains or valleys were formed!' Professor QUIBBLE objected to the new theory of the origin of mountains. The idea of the globes' playing at nine-pins with each other was simply absurd. Professor MUDDLES would like to know if his learned friend was present at the creation; if not, what did *he* know about the truth or falsehood of the new theory?' No reply was deigned to his query. - - - 'The Churchman's Monthly Magazine' is a repository of religious and entertaining knowledge for the Christian family, published by Messrs. C. SHEPARD AND COMPANY, in this city. We have read several numbers of the work with pleasure. Decidedly the best—but unfortunately only occasional—contributor, is Rev. F. W. SHELTON, author of 'Salander and the Dragon,' 'Crystalline,' etc. We see he has an imitator—*sed longo intervallo*—in the writer of 'Dr. STERLING and his Choir,' in which series of papers there appears to us to be more dialogue than humor or force. There is an engraving in the present number of the Episcopal mission-church at Shanghai, China. We fear, however, from the article which accompanies it, that the mission is not very successful in gaining converts from among the Celestials. They are taught to commit the Creed to memory; but when stopped at the commencement and examined thus: 'You say 'I believe:' now what do you mean by 'I?' What *are* you?' they reply: 'I am a man, with a body, three souls, and six spirits!' They think that after death, while two of their souls and their six spirits are disposed of in various ways, *one* soul (their identity) passes into the body of some animal, or wretched person, until they accomplish a certain number of transmigrations to fit them for the heaven they believe in. Are the editors of the 'Monthly' aware that the uncredited lines, 'Creation's Heart,' were originally written for, and printed in, the KNICKERBOCKER, only a short time ago? - - - We beg leave to intimate to those 'Lovers of Humor' and others, who think to smuggle advertisements of 'Patent Medicines' into the KNICKERBOCKER, in the garb of 'Funny Verses,'

and the like, that they might as well spare themselves a good deal of trouble. We have an experienced, if not a keen eye, for the detection of this species of 'amusing literature.' Did the writer of '*Hathaway's Ointment and Pills*' fancy that it would not be difficult to impose upon the EDITOR so bare-faced and stupid a puff? 'If the KNICKERBOCKER *understand* herself—and she think she *do*—it *ar*' difficult, at any rate. - - - MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, in a large and superbly-executed volume, entitled '*Shakspeare's Scholar*,' just issued from the press of Messrs. APPLETON, has abundantly approved himself a laborious scholar—a 'ripe and good one'—of the immortal SHAKSPEARE. His work is replete with evidences of the loving and appreciative heart and mind which were 'bent to his task.' It may be objected by some, perhaps, that he has mentioned several things that required no elucidation, and that in his exposition of the stupidity of those commentators who have 'seen in SHAKSPEARE more than SHAKSPEARE knew,' he has broken *dead* flies upon the wheel; but in such varied and extended research as is here presented, this was doubtless unavoidable. He has 'learned only from SHAKSPEARE,' for whose great genius, from the writer's very boyhood, he has had more than an enthusiastic attachment—we might call it *devotion*. 'I have written,' says Mr. WHITE, 'for the sake of the thousands who love, feel, and understand the Great Bard as I do, or who *would* do so, were it not for those who have made themselves middle-men between him and them, doling out his golden thoughts, and stopping the best part of them on their way.' We quite agree with the author, that 'the obvious signification of SHAKSPEARE'S poetry is not only the true sense, but the best, and that therefore no thinking man, of ordinary information and intelligence, needs the aid of editors and commentators to help him to the full understanding and enjoyment of nearly every passage which came from SHAKSPEARE'S pen.' We hope this volume may assist to silence that class of pseudo-commentators who 'explain till they darken, and illustrate till they confound.' - - - MISS ELIZA COOK, a 'strong-minded woman,' who has written some good verses, and who edits a periodical '*Journal*' in London, which bears her name, in a recent number of the same observes as followeth: 'The Americans of the United States, in almost all their literary varieties, are close followers of English prototypes. BRYANT is a smaller WORDSWORTH; LONGFELLOW, a minor TENNYSON; WASHINGTON IRVING, a modern ADDISON; COOPER was the WALTER SCOTT of the ocean and the prairie; PRESCOTT and BANCROFT are the ROBERTSON and HUME of the New World.' EMERSON, although having 'so little that is American in his thought or diction, that he might have been a European, or a Greek, or a Roman,' has nevertheless been called 'the American CARLYLE.' Yes, dear Miss Cook, but do 'nt you really think that Mr. IRVING might have written KNICKERBOCKER'S 'History of New-York,' and 'Salmagundi,' and the 'Sketch-Book,' (of matters American, observe, or scenes and characters *English*, first *impressing* an American,) without any other prototype than his own mind and pen? Can you show us a single poem of BRYANT, brief or extended, that can be called, in any degree, a copy from even the *style* of WORDSWORTH, to say nothing of the thought? Is there any resemblance between LONGFELLOW and TENNYSON, save that both are tender, graceful,

often highly imaginative, and always feeling and graceful poets? Who is original, if COOPER was not? As for our historians whom she mentions, PRESCOTT and BANCROFT, Miss COOK would do well to take the *English* estimate of their merits. Now, we ask these questions of Miss COOK that she may answer them 'as a man.' We have seen her portrait, painted by an English artist. She has nothing in the breadth and strength of her intellectual organs to prevent her answering our queries in the character which we have assigned to her. But, after all, who is 'Miss COOK'? — and also, 'what of it'? We await an answer 'any time when it's handy.' - - - 'DID you go to Dr. —, to have him cure you of lipping?' said a gentleman in Louisville to a little boy who had been 'tongue-tied,' or something of the sort. 'Yeth, Thir,' answered the lad. 'What did he do to you?' 'He cut a little thring there wath under my tongue.' 'Did he cure you?' 'Yeth, Thir.' 'Why, you are lipping now?' 'Am I, Thir? Well, I do n't pertheive that I lithp, *exthept when I go to thay thickthpenth!* Then I alwayth notithe it.' Happy lad! 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' - - - THE subjoined is a true copy of the resignation of a Justice of the Peace in Natchitoches, Louisiana. We hope it may strike the reader as it first struck us. We 'had to laugh:'

'State of Louisiana, }
Parish of Natchitoches. }

of Louisiana:

'Know all men by this presents, that I, L — L —, 'squire, doo hereby thro up for reasins best known to myself.

'To the Goviner

'L — L —, Justice of Pease.'

This is printed '*verbatim et literatim et spellatim*,' according to our correspondent. Judicial 'timber' in the region of Natchtoches must be somewhat scarce, we should say. But we shall 'show up' even a better specimen than this, (if time and space serves,) before a great while. - - - MESSRS. EVANS AND DICKERSON, who are winning a high reputation in the trade, continue the issue, in conjunction with MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, Boston, of the superb series of '*The British Poets*,' of which we made elaborate mention recently in these pages. The same excellence of paper, printing, engravings, etc., still mark the volumes, and will uniformly, until the series — a library in itself — is complete. Nothing so decidedly *good*, and yet so reasonable in price, has yet appeared in this country. The last four volumes before us are the works of GAY, in two volumes, of PARNELL and TICKELL in one, and of AKENSIDE in the fourth. Although perhaps not required, they will form the subject of a farther notice hereafter. - - - THE large California edition of THE KNICKERBOCKER leaves New-York in the steamer of the twentieth of every month; and our last manuscript must be in the hands of the compositors by the fifteenth, at the outside. In the present number, our 'copy' was complete by the twelfth of the month. The following publications were received after the Magazine had gone to press: '*An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of the Rochester University*,' at Rochester, in July last, and an '*Address delivered before the Citizens of Livingston County*,' at Genesee, on the fourth day of the same month, by HENRY J. RAYMOND, Esq.,

editor of the '*Times*' daily journal. We shall refer to these Addresses in our next number. The following works are in the same category of lateness: 'Annual Report of the Board of Education;' 'The Money-Maker;' 'Virginia Comedians;' 'The Meaning of Words;' 'Captains of the Roman Republic;' 'Literary Recreations,' by our stalwart WHITTIER; and 'Party Leaders;' of all and every of which, 'more anon.' - - - It is with pleasure we learn that the '*Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association*' have purchased of HIRAM POWERS, the clever Anglo-American sculptor, his two life-size busts of WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, at a cost of over twelve hundred dollars. We also understand that four or five *Bronze Statues* have been imported, among which is a celebrated copy of VENUS, life-size, all of which will be distributed among the members of the above Association in January next. These valuable additions to the costly works of Art, of which the Association is already in possession, cannot fail to attract great additional interest to the enterprise, and render it more universally and deservedly popular among the lovers of literature and art. The utmost reliance may be placed upon the honor and integrity of the managers of this excellent association. - - - Mr. COZZENS is making of his '*Wine Press*' not only a valuable adjunct to his extensive business, as a wine and liquor-merchant, but an exceedingly readable and agreeable journal, 'in and of itself.' The last number contains an elaborate article, accompanied with numerous illustrative engravings, upon the *oïdium*, a disease which is destroying half the grapes in Europe. The '*Wine-Press*' is thoroughly *American* in its inculcations, and we are sure will have an important influence in enhancing the cultivation of the native grape, and the manufacture of native wine in the United States. Mr. LONGWORTH, of Cincinnati, deserves a statue for his enterprise and most liberal outlay in this direction. We observe in the '*Wine-Press*' JOHN WATERS' admirable '*Anecdote of a Bottle of Wine*,' copied from the KNICKERBOCKER. We have read it with renewed pleasure. It is one of the very best of the many delicate and tasteful papers which he contributed to this Magazine. Would that he might be tempted to renew his graceful favors! - - - 'SICKNESS,' says Sir THOMAS BROWN, 'pulls us by the ears, and makes us know ourselves.' We who are uniformly well — we speak it with fervent thankfulness to the beneficent Power that has preserved us hitherto — cannot feel the gratitude which we *ought* to feel for the precious blessing of health, without which every other blessing is as a thing of naught. But the other night we were taken ill. 'Doctor,' said Dame KNICK, to the 'good physician' who was called, 'this is the first time since we were married, now twenty years and upward, that he ever required the services of a 'Good Samaritan.' The Doctor felt of the pulse, commanded a running out of the tongue, took a second look, and then asked 'what we had been eating?' — as if that was any of *his* business! But we told him unhesitatingly. We had been to an evening party; and the refreshments of which we had partaken — perhaps imprudently, because the weather was very sultry and hot — were of the following nature: bread and butter, a cup of coffee, peaches and cream, three sardines, half of a very fine musk-melon, six Spanish olives, and two small goblets of champagne — after which, a mild segar. When we had got home,

and 'became a-bed,' '*seeh wo!*' It was the very first time we ever realized the feeling that the people mentioned so frequently in the Bible had, when their bowels 'yearned.' Also, we had great fear of what might be the prescriptions that, in cabalistic characters, the Doctor was writing at the table, turning ever and anon a diabolical look at his 'subject.' A shaved head, a seton in the neck, a blister-plaster over the entire 'abnormal viscera,' were the least that we anticipated. Howbeit, none of these violent remedies were resorted to. A pill or two, a small mustard-plaster upon the chest, or trunk, (which is the same thing,) 'restored us' in two days to pristine vigor. Meantime we were starved. Toast-water, a soup made from the shadow of a Shanghai chicken, boiled four hours in four quarts of water, constituted our diet. And the only thing we really lamented was, that we had not eaten more when we had 'a chance.' - - - WITH the subjoined very modest note to the Editor came twelve stanzas, '*Written after Reading a Horrible Shipwreck*,' and bearing the initials 'J. G. S.': 'If you will print my poetry, Mr. EDITOR, I will be very much obliged, as my friends want to see it printed. I need not disclose my whole name to induce you to publish the poem in your Magazine. I think the poetry will speak for itself.' That is *our* impression, too; and we are going to *let* it 'speak for itself,' to the extent of just five verses:

'It was all on a stormy night,
The winds did blow, and there was no light
By which the sailor-men could see
To navigate the ship through the sea.

'The briny waves rolled mountain-high,
And the passengers begun for to cry
Unto the Lord their lives to save,
And preserve them from a watery grave.

'The wind blowed down the tall, straight masts,
(For all the ropes could not keep them fast,)
And then the boats went overboard,
One stern-boat, and two that were on deck stored!

'The captain walked the deck in haste,
While in the fore-castle the sailors paced;
For all was lost—and stern despair
Found lodgings in each bosom there.

'The ship had struck upon the shore,
And from the bottom the copper was tore;
Which caused the vessel for to quickly fill,
Though much against the passengers' will.'

There, that is a fair 'sample' of the whole 'poem.' Has the writer any *more* pieces that he would like to have 'speak for themselves'? If he has, let them speak to themselves. - - - ONE of the greatest sources of annoyance and perplexity to managers of railways is the indiscriminate and interminable applications by 'all sorts and conditions of men,' (and *women*, too, for that matter), for free passes. The following is a *fact*, and there is '*ice* in it': 'The manager of a rail-road in this State, who had been beleaguered by pastors and people for passes to a Methodist Conference, which he courteously but firmly resisted, was at last solicited by 'a brother'

to pass *nine* ministers to a neighboring village to attend a funeral. The pass was given, and on the following day the Company was called on by the brother to redeem the pass in *money*; our 'brother' modestly giving as a reason that the nine ministers of the gospel had found it more convenient to take *another conveyance, and he had paid their fare!* Speaking of rail-road travelling, the most irresistibly ludicrous thing that we have been eye-witness to this many a day, occurred recently on the Hudson River Rail-road: The weather was excessively hot, and the road — as it *sometimes is* — very dusty. A gentleman, rivalling DANIEL LAMBERT in build and stature, accompanied by a slender, pale little boy, of some nine summers, took the seat in front of us. He sat for some twenty miles, absorbing with his handkerchief the perspiration that stood in great drops on his huge face, when with a semi-grunt and a deep-drawn sigh, he turned to his puny companion, and in a querulous voice, exclaimed: 'Ah! sonny, you *crowd me so*, that I shall have to take another seat!' - - - Our old friend 'A. H. S.,' up the river, fairly anticipated our hint. The Shanghai mother and brood, 'cabined, cooped, confined,' arrived as per invoice, 'in good order and condition.' The *little fellows* of 'the party' presented rather a singular aspect when they first came to hand, their elder brothers having picked off all the feathers from their high-backed rumps. But all have flourished abundantly. Their at first inordinate drum-sticks have been growing to legs ever since, and they have become very familiar, feeding almost 'out of hand.' And how they *do* eat! — and the national corn-crop a short one, too! Two of the young roosters have already rehearsed two or three 'crows;' but their 'clarion of the morn' sounds more like a wind-broken tin horn, feebly blown, than any thing else. The mother is fructifying. She lays an egg every day about eleven o'clock, and lets us know it by an exultant 'cut, cut — cut — cut — *dar* — cut!' when she has got through. The Shanghai family live on the best of terms with the native brood, heretofore spoken of; sharing generously each other's crumbs and kernels in exact proportion to their comparative nimbleness and strength! - - - THERE's point in the following, if it *was* said by a child: 'Our 'GEORGEY' is something over six years old, and has a keen eye for every thing beautiful in nature, although he sometimes makes it ridiculous in attempting comments. The other day we had a fine thunder-storm, with almost incessant flashes of lightning. 'GEORGEY' and myself were sitting in the barn, admiring the lightning, which darted from cloud to cloud, and then to the ground; and he wanted to know what made it 'go so,' illustrating its zig-zag motion with his hand. I could not explain it so that he could clearly understand, and was obliged to tell him I did n't know. He thought a moment and said: 'I s'pose God thinks it looks prettier crooking round in that way!' Presently there came a succession of tremendous crashes, and the little fellow jumped up and clapped his hands, exclaiming, 'Are n't those good ones, father? That's better than cannon, is n't it? You do n't have to stop to load!'" - - - WE have visited the picture of '*The Last Judgment*' at the rooms of the old 'Racket-Club,' on Broadway, and would commend it to the attention of our metropolitan public, and other of our fellow-citizens now in town. That it has

defects, was to have been expected : but go and see the laborious eight-years' effort of a child of genius (following in the foot-steps of great and daring minds before him) to represent the sublimest scene that mortal has *never* beheld, 'nor *can* see and live.' - - - Mr. S. S. SOUTHWORTH, known also, and perhaps more familiarly known, to the public, as 'JOHN SMITH, JR., of Arkansas,' will commence the publication, nearly simultaneously with the issue of our present number, of a weekly journal, to be called '*The Porcupine*.' Its quills will not be without point, 'nor will they not be pointed' at political and other abuses which have obtained, and do still obtain, in our national and inferior councils and governments. Mr. SOUTHWORTH'S is a most industrious pen, and his experience is wide and varied. If 'practice makes perfect,' he will have at least *one* quality of that much desiderated public functionary, a perfect editor. His new journal has our best wishes for that success which we are confident it will deserve. - - - It was an era in the *Musical Drama in New-York*, to find among us — we speak as a casual summer-visitor to the *recherché* 'platforms' of the town — to find GRISI and MARIO — the first singers in Europe — in our midst; giving forth in full volume the 'most sweet voices' that have attracted the admiration of royalty, nobility, and commonalty of the Old World. And here they are, to secure the admiration of a republic that combines all these classes in one unanimous whole. It is *Genius* which does this: GENIUS, which is of no country, of no language, of no creed. If our metropolitan or transient readers should desire to appreciate what we would convey, let them *hear* GRISI and MARIO. We have 'nothing more to say,' nor will *they*. One has but to *hear* them — not to *talk* of them. - - - FIELD, of the St. Louis Theatre, a good writer, actor, and manager, is about to bring out at his flourishing house a new play, by the author of 'Ingomar,' entitled '*Griselda*.' Judging from an extended notice of the play in '*The Republican*' daily journal of St. Louis, we may predict for it undoubted success. The language is spirited, and the action stirring and dramatic. Mr. FIELD is to produce it with an excellent cast and ample accessories. - - - 'P.'s '*Essay on the Spiritual*' is not at all improved by his emendations: contrariwise, they even darken by words what before was not 'argument.' He reminds us of the Scotch commoner who asked SHERIDAN how he got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to avoid his own Scotch accent: 'My dear fellow,' said SHERIDAN, 'don't attempt any such thing. The House listens to you now because they don't understand you; but if you become intelligible they will be able to take your measure!' - - - Who is the anonymous author of '*Leather Stocking and Silk, a Story of the Valley of Virginia?*' It is one of the cleverest novels of the season, and is meeting with most deserved success. We shall have more to say of it hereafter. The Brothers HARPER are the publishers.

* * * THE PUBLISHER would respectfully refer the reader to the *Advertisement of the 'Knickerbocker Gallery'*, on the second page of the cover of the present number. The work is to be sold entirely by subscription; and he would request its friends to send in their names without delay. It will contain *forty-eight fine engravings on steel*, and be enriched with the *original contributions of the most eminent writers in America*. It is intended that in its execution it shall not be surpassed by any similar work ever issued from the American press.